FLOVVERS
OF EPIGRAMMES, OVT OF
ſundrie the moſte ſingular au-
thours ſelected, as well
auncient as late
writers.

**Pleaſant and profitable to the ex-
pert readers of quicke
capacitie:**

By *Timothe Kendall*, late of the Uni-
uerſitie of *Oxford*: now ſtudent
of *Staple Inne* in *London*.

Horatius.

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ
Aut ſimul & iucunda, aut idonea dicere vitæ.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON
in Poules Churche-yarde, at the
ſigne of the Braſen Serpent,
by Ihon Shepperd.
1577.

¶ The names of all suche Auethors out of whom theſe Flowers are ſelected.

Names.	Folio.
Angelus Politianus.	38
Antonius Muretus.	48
Auſonius.	49
Andreas Dactius.	54
Angerianus.	57
Bruno.	39
Buchananus Schotus.	87
Cynthius Ioan. Baptiſta.	40
Cælius Rhodiginus.	55
Claudius Roſelettus.	85
Claudius Claudianus.	86
Dardanius.	35
Eraſmus Roterodamus.	47
Flowers out of certaine Greeke authours.	60
Georgius Sabinus.	55
Gaſper Viſinus.	83
Gualterus Haddon.	90
Hieronymus Balbus.	46
Henricus Stephanus.	87
Ioannes Baptiſta Pigna.	94
Ioannes Secundus.	58
Iouianus Pontanus.	82
Iacobus Rogerius.	86
Ioannes Parkhurſt. Norwicē.	94
Martialis.	2
ex eiuſdem Xenijs.	22
Nicolaus Bartholomeus.	46
Pulix.	1
Pictorius.	26
Rogerus Aſcham.	111
Stroſa.	48
Textor.	41
Theodorus Beza.	70
Thomas Morus.	76
T. Kendall.	113
Vallambertus Aualon.	59

FINIS.

To the right honourable, the *Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leycester*, Baron of Denbigh, maister of the Queenes *Maiesties horse*, *Knight of the noble order* of the Garter, cheefe Chaunceler of the Vniuersitie of Oxford, and one of her highnes moste honourable priuie Counsell:

Timothe Kendall wisheth happy health with increase of honour.

THe honour *of youre person (Right honourable) doth not so muche daunt mee with astonishment, as the meruelous mildnesse of your courteous nature doeth minister incouragement to presume and perfourme the dedication of this my*

little labour to youre honours happie handes. VVherein are to be ſeene the ſundry deuiſes of diuers the beſt vvriters, as vvell antique as neoterique, of Epigrammes: a proper kinde of ſtudie doubtleſſe, & as vvith pleaſure, ſo vvith profite in plentifull manner accompanied. VVho knovveth not that youre honour is a ſpeciall Patrone of learning and learned men? accepting moſte courteouſly their ſimple Poeſies, vvhoſe Garden plots are not ſo gaily garnished either vvith ſuch plenty or ſuch varietie as others be, that haue more ſkill both to make choice of thoſe flovvers that haue the ſvveeter and more fragrãt ſmell, as alſo to pick out ſuch as for their fairenes and comely chaũge of colour breede ſpeciall loue &

liking

liking in the eyes of the beholder. This beeing vnto me an assured and also a sufficient incouragement, I felt in my selfe the souden motions of mistrustfulnesse somevvhat appauled, and the fier of confidence and hope kindlyng in mee, in so muche that shaking off all manner cogitations of fond feare and bashfulnesse, I yealded my vvill and my vvorke vvholy to bryng that to accomplishmẽt vvhich I had purposed vppon a speciall opinion of your honours vvorthinesse conceiued: trustyng that this my Manuell shall obteyne as good place in the dedication, and as muche grace in the acceptation (accordyng to the measure of the matter) as the volumes of suche as haue discouered their skill in thin-

 ges

ges of greater importaunce. VVhich in hope it shall be as I vvish, I ceasse any longer to molest youre Lordshippe vvith my vnpolished Epistle: beseeching the almighty and the most highest to blesse you vvith health, long life, increase of honour, and all flourishyng felicitie.

Your honours most humble alwayes to commaund,
Timothe Kendall.

To the courteous and *frendly Reader.*

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſeruabit odorem
teſta diu.

THE Verſe of *Horace* the Poet (right courteous reader) which I my ſelfe, by my ſelfe, haue proued true: for hauyng enured my ſelfe in my greene and growyng yeares, to readyng of Poetrie (an arte in my mynd and cenſure both princely and pleaſant) in riper yeares I could neither by faire meanes bee allured, nor foule mines procured, from embracyng thereof, ſo greatly therewith was I linked in loue. Wel might I beare and forbeare, refraine and abſtaine for a ſeaſon, but by and by in the turnyng of an hand, with the tracyng ape ſhould I breake the daunce, and fall a ſcamblyng for Nuts. *Naturam expellas furca licet vſque recurrit.* And ſurely farre diſcrepant alwayes haue I beene from the opinion of thoſe that deeme Poetrie to bryng nought elſe, but onely a certaine naked and vaine delectation to the life of man: whiche vnworthy and falſe accuſation is well and wiſely confuted of *Strabo* inueighyng againſt *Eratoſthenes*, who ſeemed

med to apply hymſelfe to be a maintainer and defender of that falſe and impudent ſclaunder: wherefore of mee thereof needeth no refutation. Now (courteous reader) if I ſhould take in hand to pen and paynt foorth the praiſe of Poetrie, and Poets inuentions, I feare mee too long my labour would laſte: onely thus muche I dare boldly affirme, that no where ſhalt thou finde profite and pleaſure better linked together, than in the worthy woorkes of prudent Poets. For *Flaccus* ſayeth.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

The price and the praiſe he gaineth alone,
Who profit & pleaſure both knitteth in one.

Wherfore ſundrie the moſt learned of all ages, of all landes and languages, haue beſtowed no ſmall labour in the moſte laudable practiſe of Poetrie. For example: amonge the Italians, *Bembus*, *Pontanus*, *Flaminius*: Among the French men, *Borbonius*, *Salmonius*, *Muretus*: Among the Germans, *Eobanus*, *Stigilius*, *Sabinus*: Among the Scots, *Buchananus*: whom *Carolus Utenhouius* prettily praiſeth in his *diſtichon*, writyng thus (in *I Sanna. H Francaſt. A Flam. H Vid. A Nauger. P Bemb. Italos: Mich Hoſp. Adr Torneb. Io Aurat. Gallos: & Georg. Buchan. Scotum.*)

Tres

Tres Italos Galli senos vicere, sed vnum
Vincere Scotigenam non valuere nouem.
Three Frenchmen did Italians six
for learnyng great excell:
But from them all one Scot alone
doth beare away the bell.

Now (courteous reader) of all sorts of Poems, & Poesies, none (mee thinketh) are more pithie and pleasant, than pretty, shorte, witty, quicke and quippyng Epigrammes: in the which kind of writyng *Marcus Valerius Martialis* is counted cheefly to excell. Wherfore out of him (as sundrie other most singular authors) haue I translated and taken sundrie short, propper, pithie & pleasant verses, and Epigrammes, for thy no little profite, aud great delectation: marrie this I must let thee vnderstand, that as well out of *Martial* as the rest, I haue left the lewde, I haue chosen the chaste: I haue weeded away all wanton and woorthlesse woordes: I haue pared away all pernicious patches: I haue chipt & chopt of all beastly boughes and brāches, all filthy and fulsom phrases: Which I thinke none will mutter at and mislike, but suche as delight more to drawe of the dregs, than drinke of the delicate liquour. I do giue them vnto thee by the name of *Flowers of Epigrāmes*, *out of sun-*

drie the moſt ſingular authours ſelected. For the whiche, if thou ſhalt thinke well of mee, and thanke mee, I ſhall (God willyng) ſhortly as conuenient leiſure ſhall ſerue, either augment theſe, or publiſh more for thy delight and profite. In the meane tyme take theſe in good part (I beſeche thee) whiche were made of mee.

Cum mihi vernarent dubia lanugine mala.

VALE.

W. Sey-

VV. Seymour gentleman of Grayes Inne: in commendation of the author.

WE seldom see, but that a bare respect
That takes regard, but to apply his thought:
As many tymes, may worke to good effect
As deeper driftes, with more disorder wrought:
For in attempts, where proofe is to ensew,
It neuer skills so greatly, to inuent,
Or by deuice, to frame a fetche anew,
As with regard, to order our intent.

For proofe we see the practise and deuise,
Of such as haue the cure of health in hand,
By traynes of sweet, who oft the taste entise
To brooke the sower, wherin the help doth stand.
Wherein, as well, in manner of the cure,
As in the meanes, the skill is truely tryde:
For that vnlesse the sweetnes should allure,
How should the sowre, make profite vnapplide?

This is the cause, that moues me to commend
And prayse the paynes, that wel I see were ment:
And as I like the labour of my frend,
So I allowe the drift of his intent.
Who seeyng sortes of sundry mindes to call,
And hauyng will, to woorke in all aright:
No fitter meanes, he wist to win them all,
Than thus to trayne, to profite, by delight.

George

George VVhetſtones gentleman in the authors commendation.

RAre is the worke, that liketh euery mynde,
when ſundry mindes, on ſundry iudgments feede:
In flowers fooles (like Spyders) poyſon finde:
The wiſe (as Bees) win hony from a weede.
Euen ſo of bookes (in print that clothed are)
The moſt of them, moſt ſortes of men peruſe,
And of ſuche ſortes, ſome ſortes of them prepare
With ſkilleſſe ſcoffes, the writers to abuſe:
No force for that: the foe himſelfe doth hit
That checkes a worke, which he can not amend:
Then ſure my frend (this needfull booke that writ)
Small needes to feare the frumps that fooles do lend.
For why? his paines, yeeldes fruites of ſuche empriſe,
As hym commendes, and doth content the wiſe.

Formæ nulla fides.

E. G. To the Reader.

LIke as the ſpring by natures courſe doth breed
The ſundry ſortes of flowers of pleaſant hew:
And clothes the earth with hearbes that thēce proceed,
Sweete for their ſent, and pleaſant to the vew:
Wheron the mynde of man is fixed faſt,
Reuiued now, duld by the winter paſt:
So in this ſpring, that earthly thinges doth chere,
Kendall ſends forth the flowers that he hath got,

Of

Of Epigrammes, by pluckyng here and there
Of learned men, from many a Garden plot.
Smell of his flowers, resort vnto this felde,
The Gardens be of price that these do yelde.

Abraham Fleminge vpon T. K. his translated Epigrammes.

A Worke with skill begonne
Deserues to bee commended:
But double prayse (no doubt) is won
When skill the same hath ended.
Suche skill in many skante
Doeth proue them moste vnskilfull:
Self-will they wed, whiles wit they want,
Like fondlynges vaine and wilfull:
But as their skill deserues
Meere follie to bee named:
So where from witte will neuer swerues,
There skill her forte hath framed.
And suche a one is he
(His trauell giueth triall:)
Whose skill amidst so many misses
Hath planted an espiall.
Whose skill hath scattered quite
The cloudes of Poets pen,
And hath by glisteryng leames of light,
To blinde and eyelesse men

Their

Their couert skill laid out
in letters darckly showne,
And paird away the barckes of dout,
And knotts of knacks vnknowne.
This labour hath lyen dead
(No meruell) many yeares:
But now reuiu'de, and to be read
In Englishe, as appeares,
From forreigne phrase of speache
Farre fette, and also sought,
By one in yeares (I graunte) but young,
Whose witt the same hath wrought:
But yet with iudgement fraught
and skill on doubtes to skan.
Now let me tell what I haue thought.
The worcke commends the man.

Labôri ancillatur laus.

A. VV. gent. to the courteous reader, in commendation of these flowers.

FReshe flowers, Cyuet, muske & ambergreece,
Excell in smell, eche one in his degree:
Yet of them all if thou shouldst take a fleece,
As authors flowers so sweete all would not bee.
Those all delight the nose with sugred smell,
These all delight the minde with learnyng well.

The

The sent of those, doeth perishe soone and bade,
Of flowers, cyuet, muske, & Ambergreece: (made
But flowers whiche *Kendalls* cunnyng here hath
Still flourishe shall: of wooke a princely peece
His youth hath framd: now reader lend hym praise
Whiche spent for thy delight his tender daies.

Oublier ne doy.

AD T. K. AMICVM LECTISSIMVM G. L. CARMEN.

SI non alma suis virtus contenta trophais
Splenderet radijs nobilitata suis:
Si non suspensas hederas frondésque virentes
Temneret illaso cella superba mero:
Te canerē Kendalle, *tuum mea pēna cothurnum*
Tolleret, & Musam ferret ad astra tuam.
Sed quia luce sua virtus micat aurea fama,
Nec cupit ad titulos nomina magna suos,
Tu virtute tua propria tu laude nitescis,
Magnificum virtus inclyta nomen habet.
Sat virtus ornata sibi, sibi præmia virtus
Porrigit, & proprio lumine lumen habet.
Testis adest locuples, librum modo perlege, cernes
Quam renitet radijs cœlica diua suis.

EIVSDEM AD EVNDEM Carmen Sapphicum.

HOrtulos multi coëmunt, coëmptos
Floribus gratis decorant, vt inde

Col-

Colligant ſuaueis redeunte veris
Tempore flores.
Bella res certè ſimul & probanda,
Hinc enim creſcunt ſalubres odores,
Hinc vigent herbæ atque inimica noſtris
Pharmaca morbis.
Hortus en lautus tuus iſte Kendall
Floribus cultus varijs renitet
Et ſuos gratis animis legenti
Fundit odores.
Hoc tuo flores capiemus horto
Quos ſuis vates prius inſerebant
Exteris hortis, tua verò fecit
Cura Britannos.
Nos tuos ergo recolemus hortos,
Hinc Roſas, ſuaueis Violas, Acanthum
Colligat pubes digitis Britanna
Quotidianis.

FLOWERS

FLOWERS OF EPIGRAMS:

out of ſundrie the moſte
finguler authors ſelected.

Out of PVLIX *an auncient Poet.*

Hermaphroditus
ſpeaketh.

Hile great with me my mother wer,
vncertaine what I was:
She aſkte the gods what ſhe ſhould
a lad, or els a laſſe. (haue,
Quoth Mars, thart with a maiden ſped:
Not ſo Apollo ſaied,
It is a man: quoth Iuno then,
tis neither man nor maied.
My mothers tyme of trauaile came,
her throwes and throtches paſt:
A mungrill Herkinalſon, ſhe
did bring me forthe at laſt.

And askyng the forenamed three,
what should my destenie bee:
To dye by dint of deadly swoorde,
affirmed Iuno shee:
He will be hanged on a tree,
quoth Mars as I suppose:
And I doe thinke saied Phœbus then,
in lake, life he shall lose.
Their verdicts none were vaine, it came
as eche did saie to passe:
And how beholde: (tis straunge I tell,)
a certaine brooke there was,
Oreshadowed with a tree, that had
full many a leauie branche:
In climyng vp this tree, my swoorde
fell out, and goard my paunche.
The bowes in fallyng, caught my feete,
my head fell in the foorde:
So man, maied, neither bothe, was I
haugde, droounde, and kilde with swoorde.

EPIGRAMMES OVT OF MARTIAL.

TIMOTHE KENDAL to the Reader.

MArtial *is muche miſlike, and lothde,*
of modeſt mynded men:
For leude laſciuious wanton woorks,
and woords whiche he doeth pen.
In deede, fonde filthie ſpeaches foule,
faire maners much defile:
Wherefore the learned doe but well,
to count his verſes vile.
Yet though his verſes ſome be vile,
yet ſome doe muche auaile:
And though his matters ſome be fonde,
yet ſome of follie faile.
His woorks are like a garden good,
with weedes muche ouergrowen:
Lo reader here the fragrant flowers,
the weedes awaie are throwen.
The beſt be reſt, the beaſtly leſt:
lo reader here to thee,
The daintie Marrowe offered is:
let this thy breakefaſt bee.
Accept this ſimple Maribone,
for breakefaſt I thee praie:
So maieſt thou better cheare obtaine,
of me an other daie.

Of a Lion, that offended his keper.

A Truſtleſſe beaſt, a Lion fearce,
with churliſhe chappes did bite
And hurte his maiſter, whiche hym kept,
becauſe he did hym ſmite.
But plaugde he was as he deſerude,
for that his cruell parte,
For ſith he ſtrookes refuſde with hande,
ſtrooke deade he was with darte:
Now how ſhould men whiche reaſon haue,
and rulers diſobaie,
Be puniſhte, when we bruteſhe beaſtes,
for diſobedience ſlaie.

Of a Tiger and a Lion.

A Tiger of the Hyrcan flocke,
ſo tame, that he would ſtande
Betwene his maſters leggs, and eke
moſte louyng licke his hande.
Thus tame I ſaie, yet did he ſlaie,
a Lion huge and ſore:
A thyng ſo ſtraunge as neuer erſt,
was harde the like before.
No ſuche thyng durſt he enterpryſe,
in woods when wilde was he:
Now brought with vs to liue, his moode
more ragyng fearce ye ſee.

Of

Of Leander.

What tyme Leander lustie ladde,
his Ladie went to see:
When as with waltryng waues out worne,
and wearied quight was he:
He saied: Now spight me not (ye seas,)
Leander spare to spill:
When I haue seen my Ladie once,
then drowne me if you will.

Of Gemellus, and Maronilla.

Gemellus, Maronilla faine,
would haue vnto his wife:
He longs, he likes, he loues, he craues,
with her to leade his life.
What: is she of suche beautie braue:
naie none more foule maie be:
What then is in her to be likte
or lovd: still cougheth she.

Of Arria, and Pætus.

Chast Arria when she gaue the blade,
vnto her Pæto true:
All painted and begoard with bloud,
whiche from her side she drue.
Trust me (saied she) my goared gutts,
doe put me to no paine:
But that whiche thou my P must doe,
that greues and greues againe.

To Fabulla, *vainglorious.*

OF beautie braue we knowe thou art,
and eke a maide beside:
Aboundyng eke in wealthe and store,
this ne maie bee denied.
But while to muche you praise your self,
and boste you all surmount:
Ne riche, ne faire, Fabulla, nor
a maide we can you counte.

To Cæcilianus for the gender,
and declination of Ficus.

CÆcilian when I Ficus saied,
thou didst me floute therefore:
And badst me rather Ficos saie,
and Ficus vse no more.
We call that Ficus whiche on trees,
we daiely see to spryng:
And thy deseases Ficos name,
for likenesse of the thyng.

To Fidentinus.

THou deemst thou art a Poet fine,
And wouldst be thought so Fidentine,
By bookes, and Epigrams of myne.
So Ægle of her self is thought,
To be wel toothed, though stark nought,
Hauyng of horne & bone teeth bought.

So

So to herself Lycoris she,
Doeth seme of beautie braue to bee,
Because her cheekes men painted see.
So thus as you a Poet are:
You maie be busht, when you are bare.

To Lælius.

WHen Lælius thou thy self doest naught,
thou carpest Verses myne:
Leaue Lælius either myne to carpe,
Or publishe some of thyne.

To Neuolus, a *Lawier*.

WHen euery man doeth speake, then still
thou speakest Neuolus:
And thinkst thou passyng well doest plead,
when thou doest prattle thus.
The veriest pelter pilde maie seme,
to haue experience thus:
Beholde now all are silent husht,
now speake thou Neuolus.

To Flaccus.

FLaccus, Diodor goes to lawe,
and hath for goute no reste:
He giues his lawier naught: I thinke,
his fingers are oppreste.

Of Sceuola.

If millions many gods would giue,
of goodly glitteryng golde:
Should not then Sceuola be esteemd,
and highly be extolde:
Dh then how would I liue (quoth he)
whereat the Gods did smile:
And gaue hym his request: but then
his ioyes he gan exile.
Then ragged goune like peltyng patche,
our Sceuola could vse:
With patche on patche like loutishe lob,
he cobled oft his shues.
His table then he did neglect,
and course fare pleasde hym beste:
With worldly cares he was so toste,
that scarse he tooke his reste.
Then must I liue he often saied,
or els the Gods me take:
And so with wealthe gan cares encrease,
and hym more carefull make.

To Ælia.

AS I remember Ælia,
fowre teeth thou hadst of thyne:
One cough did cause thee spit out twoo,
one, twoo an other tyme.
With saftie now still maiest thou cough,
hauke, hem, spue, spit and spaule:

For

For now to loose or cough awaie,
remaineth nought at all.

To Fidentinus.

THis is tolde and bruted all abrode,
myne olde frende Fidentine:
That thou reportest all abrode,
my bookes for to be thine.
If thou wilt graunt them myne to bee,
Ile gratis sende them thee:
But if thou call them thine, buye them,
that myne thei maie not bee.

To Sabidius.

I Loue thee not Sabidius,
I can not tell thee why:
I can saie naught but this alone,
I doe not loue thee, I.

Of Gellia.

FOr eyre deceast thou dost not weepe,
if Gellia sole thou be:
But looke when commeth companie,
the teares then gush from thee.
She naught lamenteth Gellia,
that seekes for laude and praise:
But she who sorroweth inwardly,
tis she that wepes alwaies.

To Fidentinus.

THe booke whiche thou doest read, it is
frende Fidentinus myne:
But when thou ill doest read it, then
beginns it to bee thyne.

Of Diaulus, *a Phisition.*

DIaulus a Phisition late,
but now he burics men:
Looke what so now Diaulus doeth,
the self same did he then.

Against Olus.

THy beard is white, thy bushe is blacke,
how comes it shall I tell?
With colours thou maiest paint thy hed,
thy beard thou canst not well.

To Flaccus.

FLaccus thou knowest not Epigrams,
no moze then babes oz boyes:
Whiche deemst them to be nothyng els,
but spoyts and trifling toyes:
He rather toyes, and spoyts it out,
whiche doeth in Uerse recite
Fell Tereus dinner, oz whiche doeth,
Thyestes supper write:
Oz he whiche telles how Dedalus,
did teache his sonne to flie:

Whiche

Whiche telleth eke of Polyphem,
the Shepheard with one eye,
From bookes of myne, are quighe exempt,
all rancour, rage and gall:
No plaier in his peuishe weeds,
heare prankyng see you shall:
Yet these men doe adoze (thou sayst)
laude, like and loue? in deed,
I graunt you sir those they do laude,
perdie but these thei reed.

Against Cæcilianus.

When not sixe thousande pounde,
Cæcilian did enioye:
Alofte he hoisted was,
in Chariot like a Roye.
When that throughe Foztunes grace,
he doubled had his stooze:
Beholde he went on foote,
euen like a peisaut pooze.
The game and gaine thou haste,
and yet to loose doest faine?
Tell truthe, lest Foztune froune,
and make thee fall againe.

Against Gargilianus.

Wilt haue me call thee bountifull,
when giftes thou doest bestowe
On widowes old, and senioz chuffs,

that

that doe in ſubſtaunce flowe:
Nothyng maie moze diſhoneſt bee,
then theſe thy ſubtile ſhifts:
How canſt thou call Gargilian,
theſe guiles of thyne thy gifts?
So by the hooke the flotyng fiſhe,
is brought vnto his bane:
So by the ſubtile ſecret baite,
the ſelie beaſt is tane.
What tis to giue and to beſtowe,
I will declare to thee,
If thou alreadie doeſt not knowe:
Gargilian giue to me.

Of Philæne.

PHilæne neuer letteth teares,
but from one eye to fall:
And would ye knowe how ſo it is:
ſhe hath but one in all.

Againſt Attalus.

FRende Attal, thou declameſt well,
thou pleadeſt cauſes well:
The Hiſtozies doe paſſe thou makſt,
thy Uerſes doe excell.
Thou makeſt merie Poems, and
thy Epigrams are fine:
In Grammer, and the courſe of Starres,
thy knowledge is deuine.

Bothe

Both well thou singest Actalus,
and dauncest light withall:
Thy arte doth passe to play on harp,
or tosse the Tennice ball.
When nought thou dost is well, yet all
thou dost thou thinkest right:
Wilt thou I tell what one thou art?
Ardelio, Thraso like.

Against Posthumus.

What shall I say this same to be?
thy garments all and some
Do smell of Myrrhe, and same of Myrrhe
no sent doth from thee come.
This Posthumus do I suspect,
that still thou smellest well:
But Posthumus he smelles not well,
who allwaies well doth smell.

Against Zoilus.

By reason of his Couerlet
soote sick doth Zoilus lye:
He sicknes faines, to shew his clothes
of costly purple dye.
Haue bed he hath carud curious fine,
and painted fair and gay:
What doth his fained sicknes, but
his substaunce vaine bewray?
What needest thou Physicious tell?

they

they do but thee delude.
Wilt thou be well? take to thee then
my homly mantell rude.

Of Sertorius.

SErtorius, nothyng finisheth,
all thinges he doth begin.
When as Sertorius dyinkes, likewise
he makes none end I win.

Against Apicius.

THy tounge Apicius taunteth none,
by it no man is stung:
Yet Poyringers, and Platters both,
complaine still of thy tounge.

To Fabianus.

THou beyng honest, pure, and poore,
true bothe in tonge, and harte:
Why doest thou trudge in towne to dwell,
and from the countrie starte?
Thou canst not plaie the brokyng baude,
nor yet the reuellers:
Thou canst not cite for to appeare
the guilty trespasser.
Thou canst not boast and brag to outy
thou canst do none of these:
Canus, and grammyre Glaphyrus,
thou canst not praise and please.

Where-

Wherfore a miser poore thou liuſt,
nought gaines thy goodnes thee:
Be good, and neuer ſhalt thou ſure
like Philomelus be.

Of Cærelia, and Gellia.

BEyng a gerle, Cæreha calles
her ſelfe an aged dame:
And Gellia ſhe an aged trot,
herſelf a gerle doth name.
Ne may the oue Colinus nor
the other be alowde:
The one ſhe is ridiculous,
the other curious proude.

Of his abidyng in the countrey.

WHen I in countrie ſoyle ſweet, ſappy, reſt:
how I doe ſpend & paſſe the tyme away,
If thou do long in few to haue expreſt,
attentiue be, and marke what I ſhall ſay.
Firſt ſerud on knees, the Maieſtie deuine:
my ſeruaunts next & ground I ouerlook:
To euery man his taſke I doe aſſigne,
when this is done, I get me to my booke.
For cõfortes cauſe, I rub my ioyns w Oyle:
for exerciſe I wreſtle now and than, (toile
With ſtrainyng armes a crafh: & tyrd with
I merry make, (endebted to no man)
I pouder, quaſſe, ſing, play, bath, ſup, & ſleep,
ſomtyme by night, to ſtudie cloſe I creep.

To

To Cinna.

MIthridates did often ming
strong poyson with his wine:
Because no poyson pestilent
should cause hym for to pine.
So Cinna thou hast wrought a fetch,
(by supping alwayes ill:)
That famine none shall fret thee, that
no hunger shall thee kill.

Against Calistratus.

IAm I graunt, and still haue bene
Calistrat poore, what then:
Yet do the deeds of mine not lurke
in dark obliuions Den:
My works are red the world throughout:
and this (tis said) is he:
And that, that diuers death denies,
that life hath graunted me.
But gorgious Mansion house of thine,
doth glister all with golde,
Thy Coffers cramd with coyne, are worth
whole thousands to be solde.
Great store of Land, and goodly ground
thy Plowe reares euery year:
Of goodly weighty fleezed sheep
whole thousands thou dost shear.
Lo thus am I, and thus art thou:

but

but thou canst neuer be
As I am, of the common crue
each one may be like thee.

Against Gellia.

While of thy gentry thou dost bost,
and prayseſt stock of thine:
To match with one of callyng good
forsakes thy fancy fine.
Tush none without some Senatour
my husband I will haue
Thou saidst, now se at last thou hast
a carriar common slaue.

To Quintianus.

IN cuttyng cruell cold December,
When eache to other gifts do render:
Saue bookes naught then I gaue to thee,
At home most homely made by mee.
Perchaunce thou deemst me in thy minde,
Therefore a sneekbill, snudge vnkinde:
I hate (I do protest) thee drifts,
And guilefull giuings of these gifts.
These gifts ar alwaies fishehookes like:
Bayt tucht, straight taken is the Pike.
When as to riche the poore giues nought,
Then Quint should he be liberall thought.

To Aulus, against Mamercus.

MAmercus by no maner meanes,
may brought and framed be
To vse and rule his tonge aright,
so cankered curst is he.
Though thou didst passe in pietie
the constant Curius quight:
Although thou Nerua didst surmount,
for calme and quiet spirite:
Although for gentle mekenes mild
thou Druso didst excell:
Although for honesty to Marc.
thou mightst be likened well.
Although thou didst Mauricus match
for equitie and right.
Although thou couldst as Regulus
with filed phrase delight.
Though pleasaunt Paulus thou didst passe
to make a merry Jest.
His ruftie teeth, with rancour fret,
yet still would bite the best.
Perchaunce thou Aulus dost hym deeme,
a man of wicked tonge:
But hym a wretch deeme I, which is
misliket all men among.

To Gellia.

WHen so thou sendest me an hare,
my Gellia still thou saist

I shalbe seuen daiqs after fair:
thus still with me thou plaist.
My Gellia if thou doe not mocke:
if truth thou do declare:
I dare be bold to say that thou,
didst neuer eate an hare.

That we should benifite our frendes.

The crafty theke from battered cheste,
doth filch thy coine awaie:
The debter not the interest,
nor principall will pay.
The fearefull flame destroies the goods,
and letteth nought remaine:
The barren ground for seede receud,
restoreth naught againe.
The subtile harlot naked strips,
her louer to the skin:
If thou commit thy self to seas,
great daunger art thou in.
Not that thou geuest to thy freend,
can fortune take away:
That onely that thou giuest thy freend,
thou shalt posses for ay.

Against Posthumus.

I Minde what thou hast done for me.
and will remember take
Alwaies: why hold I then my peace,

and Postume dost thou speake?
When any I begin to tell,
thy goodnes what it is
Towardes me, tush straight they say
hymself earst told vs this.
Beleue me two to many are,
this same for to expresse:
One will suffice, if I shall speake,
then Posthume hold thy peace.
Though thou be frushyng franke, although
great gifts thou giue, perdy
Yet perishe all those gifts of thine
by thy garrulitie.

Against Candidus.

Thy farmes are proper to thy self,
thy gold and siluer white,
Thine proper, proper to thy Plate,
and christall glasses bright.
Thy pleasaunt wines of sundry sorts,
thine proper to no dout:
Thy proper wit: and proper to
thy hart and courage stoute.
All doutles proper that thou hast:
what said I all? I lye.
Thy wife she is not proper, for
she common is perdy.

To

To Rufinus.

I Graunt, I can it not denie,
thou sure hast goodly land:
Fat farmes, and tenementes thou hast,
and liuyngs in thine hande.
And debters diuers owe thee muche,
much coine thou hast abrode:
Riche Plate of Gold and siluer both,
thy table still doth loade.
Inferiours thine Rufinus yet,
disdaine thou neuer a dell.
Woze then hast thou had Didymus,
and woze hath Philomel.

Against Matrinia.

I Like no Beldames, I.
Matrinia dost complaine?
I Beldames loue: but thou art none,
starke dead thou dost remaine.
I can well fancie Hecuba,
of Neob like alone:
Before the one be made a dog,
the other made a stone.

Of Fishes engrauen.

By Phidias art thou fishes seest,
engrauen feat, and trim:
Put water to them, and they will
whip, skip, frisk, flounce and swim.

Against Ligurinus.

NO man with thee will willyng meet:
and eache one takes hym to his feet
Whereso thou Ligurine dost come:
thy presence shunnes both all, and some.
Wilt know why thus from thee they start?
a Poet prattlyng pert thou art.
This vice is vile all men among:
the Tigres robbed of her yong,
The Dypsas scorcht with skaldyng heat,
the Scorpion that with taile doth threat,
These monsters fell are not so feard
as thou art, where that thou art heard:
For who I praie thee suffer can
as thou art such a troublous man?
To hym that standeth thyu dost reed,
so eke to hym that sits indeed.
To hym that runs thou art recityng,
to hym thou readst that is a shityng.
Washyng at Baines, there I thee here:
I can not swim, where thou art neer.
To meales I hast, me dost thou stay:
at table plast, thou goest thy way.
All wery when I go to bed,
molestyng mee, thou shakst my hed.
What harme thou dost now wilt thou see?
though honest, good, and iust thou be,
Yet for this fault, none like of thee.

To

To the same Liguinius.

THe supper of Thyestes, whether
Phœbus God deuine
Mislikt I know not, Liguine,
but sure we like not thine.
Thy fare is fine and good, thy cates
as curious as may be:
Considering how thy tong doth walk,
yet all mislikes we see.
I care not for thy dainty meates:
I do mislike each messe:
What I would haue thee do, dost see?
what? marry hold thy peace.

To Æmilianus.

IF poore thou be, Æmilian,
thou shalt be poore alwaies:
For none but wealthy worldlyngs are
enriched now adayes.

To Labienus.

WHen Labienus all alone
I saw thee sit of late?
Three men mee thought I saw: I was
deceaued by thy pate.
One patch of heare there standeth here,
another standeth there:
Deformd thy scalp: the locks do grow

I know not how, nor where.
In midst of all, thy sconse is balde:
there allies are to see:
Wherein not half a grasse doth growe,
so bald, and bare they be.
When as the Emperour deales his dole,
thy sconse then profits thee:
Others one Basket haue of bred,
for thy part thou hast three.
Thou like vnto king Gerion art:
If Hercules thee spye
In Phillips Porch, (take heede I say)
dead art thou by and by.

To Lupercus.

FOr that thou suppest oftentimes
and neuer callest mee:
Lupercus I haue found a way,
How to be euen with thee.
I will be angrie though thou sende,
call, and requeste mee still:
What will I do, dost aske of mee?
What? marrie come I will.

To Faustinus, against an euill Phisition Hermocrates.

BOth washt and supt Andragoras,
with vs in health and sound:
Yet in the morne Andragoras,

stark

ſtark dead in bed was founde.
Wouldſt knowe of ſuche ſo ſodaine death,
what ſhould thoccaſion be?
Hermocrat the Phiſition
in ſlumber he did ſee.

Againſt Phœbus.

WIth oyntment made for nonce, thy pate
all ouer Phœb is dyde:
And all thy ſluttiſh ſcruiel ſkalpe
a painted heare doth hyde.
No Barber thou doſt neade at all
thy hed to notte, and pole:
A Sponge or painting penſile Phœb,
will better ſhaue thy nole.

Againſt the enuious.

ROme lauds, & loues, & reades my works,
and ſinges them euery where:
Each fiſt doth hold me clutched faſt,
eache boſome me doth beare.
One bluſheth lo, as red as fyre,
anone as pale as claye:
Anone he lookes aſtoniſhed,
as one did hym diſmaye:
Sometime he mumping mockes and moes,
ſometime he doth repine:
Ymarrie, this is that I would:
now pleaſe me verſes mine.

To Marianus.

Thou knowest one lurketh thee to lure,
and he that lurkes a lout
To lucre bent: thou knowest his drift,
and where he goes about.
Yet hym thine heir thou dost ordaine
in will thou madest last:
And madman like didst will that he
should in thy roome be plast.
He sent thee gifts in deed: but how?
he sent them with the hooke:
And can the fishe the fisher loue,
that for his death doth looke?
Trowest thou this Foxe will for thy death
take any inward thought?
No, no: if thou wilt haue hym weepe,
then Marian giue hym nought.

Of the theefe Cilix.

A Theefe that Cilix had to name,
to rob an Orchard sometime came:
In all the garden great was nought
saue Priapus, of Marble wrought.
What doth me he, (greedy of praye,)
but hales the hugy stone awaye.

To Lupus.

PEnsiue thou art, and prosperous:
take heede lest fortune blinde

Know

Knowe Lupos this, lest he thee call
churle grateleſſe, and vnkinde.

To Rufus.

A Certaine man not long agoe,
Gaue me the gaze frende Rufus ſo,
As if ſome fooliſhe fencer I
Had been, or one that went to buy.
With eye, and finger, when that he
Had looked long, and marked me:
Art thou (quoth he) art thou declare,
That famous pleaſaunt Poet rare,
That men eſchewhere do Martial call,
Whoſe ieſts do ioye bothe great, and ſmall?
I ſomewhat ſmilyng, tolde my name,
And ſaied I was the verie ſame.
Why then (quoth he) ſo ill art clad?
Becauſe I am a Poet bad
I aunſwered. All this is true,
Frende Rufus whiche I tell to you.
Good Rufus ſende ſome clothes therefore,
That I maie ſhamed bee no more.

To Amianus.

A Serpent fell thou haſt engraud,
in ſilver bole of thyne.
Of Mirons makyng: poyſon ſure
thou drinkſt, thou drinkſt no wine.

Againſt Olus.

Foule

FOule filthie faultie folks there are:
whats Olus that to thee?
What matters it thou honest, what
vile vicious varlets be.
Matho at Dice plaies all his coine:
whatts Olus that to thee?
Not thou therefore shalt feele the paines,
of poore estate, but he.
Sertorius reuelles out the night:
whatts Olus that to thee?
So thou maiest snoring soundly sleepe,
and still in quiet bee.
Muche money Titus, Lupus owes:
whatts Olus that to thee?
When thou indebted art to none,
but art from all men free.
For all this Olus yet there is,
that doeth pertaine to thee:
And that vnto thy charge and care,
of duetie doeth agree.
Thy gowne to gage for coine doeth lye,
this to thee Olus is:
And for a farthing no man now
will credite thee, and this.
Thy wife doeth make thee carrie hornes,
this to thee Olus is:
Thy daughter now a dowrie greate
requires of thee, and this.

Muche

Muche more beside I could declare
what doeth pertaine to thee:
But Olus what pertaines to thee,
doeth naught pertaine to me.

To Castor.

CAstor, thou euery thyng doest buy:
Sell euery thyng thou wilt perdy.

To his Muse.

FIue bookes had been sufficient:
or sixe, or seuen in deede:
And to muche to: why then my Muse
to spoyt doest thou proceede?
Fie, fie, forbeare, and make an ende:
my fame abroad is spred:
And no man talkt of more then I.
my bookes eche where bee red.
And when the stones of Messala
shall lye, and bee forlorne:
When Marble stones of Licinus
to pouder shall be worne,
Yet euery mouthe shall speake of me:
and many a geste with hym
Shall carrie to his countrie coste,
my woorkes and poems trim.
I ended. Loe, then spake one of
the sacred sisters nyne,
Whiche had her bosome and her locks

besineerd

besmeerd with oyntments fine.
Canst thou, canst thou vngratefull churle
(quoth shee) finde in thy harte:
To plaie as thou hast purposed,
so fonde a thankelesse parte:
Canst thou forsake thy pleasant toyes,
and trifles that excell:
How better canst be occupied
when thou art Idle, tell?
In lofty stile wilt rather chuse
feirce tragedies to write?
Or else of blowes, and blody blades
hadst rather to indite?
Then euery skowlyng schoolmaster
would read with harshie voyce
Thy verse, then neither lad nor lasse
would in thy stile reioyce.
The frownyng sage, and sowre seuere
these kinde of thinges do write,
Who miserably spend their time
in study day and night.
Vse rather thou thy Romain Jests,
and pleasauntly repeat
Thy sawes, and as for them, let them
of what they list intreat.
Although with slender Oten pipe
thou seemst perdy to sing:
Thou dost surpasse the Trumpet, lowd
ther

that in the eares doth ring.

To Priscus.

DO ye demaund a wealthy wenche
why that I will not wed?
I nill be bound to haue a shrewe,
my wife at euery sted.
The matrone (Priscus) to the man
must still inferiour be:
Else shall they not be equall, nor
like man and wife agree.

To a married couple, that could not agree.

SIth that you both are like in life,
(a naughty man, a wicked wife:)
I muse ye liue not voyd of strife,

Of Fabius, and Chrestella.

HIs wiues still buries Fabius.
Chrestella contrary
Her husbands buries: none they match
withall, but straight they dye.
Now Hymen cause these conquerours
together both to linke:
That so one Beare may bere them both
to their sepulcures brinke.

Against Gallicus.

WHen me thine heire of all thy lands
to make thou didst swere

By

By all the gods, that rule aboue,
and by thyne hoary heare,
I thee beleud: for willingly
who will himself forsweare?
And still in hope to speede, with giftes
I did thee feede and chear.
Among my gifts a Boar I sent,
great, fat, a waighty one:
As huge and monstrous mighty big,
as that of Calidone.
Thou straightway didst send for, and feast,
the riche and eak the poore:
All Rome doth belche and surfet yet,
with eatyng of my Bore.
My selfe the giuer (who would thinke?)
the better nought did fare:
I nothyng had, ne ryb ne rumpe
did fall vnto my share.
Frend Gallicus what should I hope
thy land to gaine of thee?
When that no morsell of myne owne,
thou wouldest giue to mee.

Of Priscus, his banquet.

THe learned Priscus bookes bewray
what banquet is the best:
In pleasant stile is muche declard,
In lofty much expresst.

But

But sure with learnyng great declard
there is both all and some:
Wilt know what banquet is the best:
where Pinstrelles none do come.

Against Cinna.

AN Astrologian Cinna said
that quickly thou shouldst dye,
Thy fate he did foretell thee thus:
and sure he did not lye.
For whilest thou didst feare thou shouldst
leaue much behind to spend,
Thou reueling didst roist it out
and madst of all an end.
Not one yere fully was expirde
but all was gone wellny:
Declare me Cinna now, is this
not quickly for to dye?

To Condilus.

THat thou so long a seruaunt liust
why Condil doost complaine?
A masters greife thou doost not knowe,
nor yet seruaunts gaine.
Thy hard and homely couch doth yeld
thee quiet sleep and rest:
When Caius lofties blood awake
with cramping cares opprest.
For feare thy maister dare not, but

salute whom so he meetes:
When thou maist iet with cap on crowne,
and carelesse strut the streetes.
One comes to maister thine, and saith,
giue that thou owst to mee:
And staies hym in the street, and none
so Condil doth to thee.
Thou fearst a pat on pate, or els
a whirrit on the eare:
But gronyng he with greif, and gowt,
his fatall fine doth feare.
Speake Condil, hadst not rather now
still haue a seruaunts place
Then be a maister, and remaine
in Caius cursed case?

Against Apher.

AS oft as I beholde thy wife,
when as with thee I viue,
Thou lowryng Apher bendst thy brow,
as though thou didst repine.
What fault? tell what offence it is
thy wife for to behold:
The sun, the starres, the thrunbed thrones
with siluer perle and gold,
And eak the gods themselues we see:
what should I turne aside,
And flap my hand on face, as though,
some Rouian grim I spide?

A hoorson fell was Hercules,
yet Hilas we might see:
With prety Ganimed to play,
M. still had licence free.
If thou wilt haue thy guests to wink,
and not thy wife to see:
Let Phineas blind, and Oedipus,
thy guests then Apher be.

Against Crispus.

THou saist thou art as much my frend
as any man can be:
But now, to proue this true thou saist,
what dost thou Crisp for mee?
I would haue borowed coine of thee,
thou diddest mee denie,
What tyme thou hadst as much as well
could in thy coffer lye.
When gauest thou mee a bushell tell,
of Beanes or any graine?
When as to plow thy fertill ground
thy plowman tooke the paine?
When gauest thou mee a Fracke of frise,
my corps from cold to fence?
Or when of siluer halfe a pound
didst thou vnto mee sende?
Nought els I see, wherby I may
beleue my frend thou art:

But that before me oftentymes
thou gerdest out a fart.

To Phileros.

SEuen wiues of thine now Phileros
in ground engraued be:
The ground to none so bountifull,
as Phileros to thee.

To hymselfe.

MArtial, the thinges that do attaine
the happy life, be these I finde:
The riches left, not got with paine,
The fruitefull ground, the quiet minde:
The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
No charge of rule nor gouernaunce,
Without desease the healthfull life,
The household of continuaunce.
The mean dyet, no delicate fare,
True wisedome ioynd with simplenes,
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse:
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such sleepes as may beguile the night,
Content thy self with thine estate,
Ne wishe for death, nor feare his might.

Otherwise.

THe thinges whiche cause mans life mee
most full of blisse to be, (thinkes
Are

Are theſe: when goods from frends do fall,
and we from labour free.
When fertill field growes faſt abroad,
and mind is voyd of ſtrife:
And merry Jhon by toſtyng fire,
may ſit with Jone his wife.
When corps is ſound and ſtrong with all,
and wiſedome rules the mynde:
And frends in frenſhips faithfull knot,
a faithfull hart doth bynde.
When fare is good, though not of coſt,
and night with pleaſure preſt,
Not drowſy head, but merry minde,
doth cauſe a quiet reſt.
To be as harte could wiſhe or craue,
thy ſtate content withall:
Not feare, nor wiſhe for fatall day,
but come when come it ſhall.

Againſt Carmenion.

SAith that Carmenion you doe cracke
of Corinth that you are
A citezen, and ſo ſay all,
I marueil how you dare
And with what face and honeſtie
call mee your brouher: why?
You know in Spaine that I was borne
eke there I dwell perdy.

What do we looke alike? no sure:
and why it shall appeare:
Thou wandrest trimsie trimsie fine,
with crispt and curled heare.
But all disordered lye my locks
after the Spanish guise:
Thou doest with ointments rid thine here,
rough are my legs, and eyes.
An amerous flatteryng tong hast thou,
speakyng nice, neat, and fine:
Not halfe so womannish as thyne,
is daughters tongue of mine.
Looke how the Doue doth differ from
the chefest bird of all:
Looke how the Deare doth differ from
the Lion strong and tall:
So differ we: wherefore I say,
Carmenion, brother thine
Ceasse mee to call hereafter, lest
I call thee sister mine.

To Gallus.

IF so my grief will do thee good,
I will be vp and dight,
Before Aurora doe appeare
and chase awaie the night.
I will about, when plunging puffes
vpturneth townes and towers:

Ile

Ile bide the bruntes of frost and snow
and hidious hissyng showers:
But if no better thou awhit,
if nought at all thou gaine
By this my troublous toyle and greke,
and griesly pinchyng paine,
Spare thou my tyred ghost, and from
these tormentes make me free:
Whiche help not Gallus thee a whit,
but hurt and hinder mee.

To Philenis

Dost aske with plaister on my chin
why that I walke about?
Philenis mine I do not minde
to kisse thee out of doute.

To Cherimon.

SIth like a Stoike, Cherimon,
thou praisest death so muche:
Thou wouldst bee praisde, and wondred at,
as though there were none suche.
What makes thee death desire so muche?
thy broken pitcher potte?
Thy homely ral kall hatch, that burnes,
with fire seldome hotte?
Thy matte, and eke thy bedstead bare,
with stinkyng Cimex fret?
Thy cuttolde calloke colde, wherein

thou still art faine to iet:
O what a stoute couragious man
is this? how manly holde?
That loues no dregs of Vineger,
nor holme, nor brownbread olde.
Well goe to: if vpon a bed
of downe thou shouldest lye:
And if thy couche were costly clad
with clothes of purple dye.
Then, then, full often wouldst thou wishe
thrice Nestors yeares to liue:
No tyme then wouldst thou lose, but still
thy selfe to pleasure giue.
An easie thyng in penurie,
this life for to dispise:
Who can beare torment patiently,
tis he thats counted wise.

To Parthenope.

THy chaps and iawes Parthenope,
a cruell cough doeth greeue:
To helpe thee, the Phisition
vnto thee still doeth giue
Nutkernels short, fine honie sweete,
and cracknels of the best,
And all suche thyngs as children please,
and make to bee at rest.
Yet notwithstandyng all this geare,

thou

thou coughest still: perdy
Ye are a craftie knaue, you cough
to fare deliciously.

Against Zoilus.

HE did not terme thee Zoilus right,
who termde thee vicious elfe:
If he should terme thee truely, he
should terme thee vice it selfe.

To Vacerra.

A Flatterer, and a slaunderer,
Also a craftie cossener,
A trifler vaine, a whoremunger,
A fine foincasting fenceplaier,
All these Vacerra though thou bee:
I muze, yet mony wants with thee.

To Polla.

WHy Polla me doest garlands sende
so faire, so freshe, so fine?
Sende rather me some Roses rubde
with lillie handes of thyne.

Of Legeia.

IF Legeas yeres and heares agree:
Then iuste thyee yeres of age is she.

Of Affricanus.

AS riche as Cresus Affric is:
for moze yet hunts the chuffe:

To muche to many, Fortune giues,
and yet to none inuffe.

To Fabullus. Of Themilon.

FAbullus frende doest aske me, why
hath Themilon no wife?
He loues to bee in quiet, free
from bate, and bawlyng ſtrife.

Againſt Theleſinus.

WHen that no gage nor paune I bryng,
and of thee coine doe craue:
I can not helpe thee ſtraite thou laieſt:
gage grounde and thou ſhalt haue.
So thou no credite giuſt at all,
vnto me Theleſine:
Thyne old companion, and thy frende,
but truſteſt grounde of myne.
Loe Carus hath thee guiltie founde,
and baniſhe muſt thou bee:
Wouldſt haue me beare thee companie?
naie, call my grounde to thee.

To Iulius.

IF thou wilt eſchewe bitter aduenture,
And auoide the gnawyng of a penſiue hart:
Set in no one perſon all wholy thy pleaſure,
The leſſe ſhalt ye ioy, but leſſe ſhalt ye smart.

To Phœbus.

With

WIth hyde of Kid, thyne head is hid,
to couer hatonesse thyne:
He quipt thee home, who colde thee Phœb,
thy sconse was clouted fine.

To one diuersly conditioned.

FAcile, and froward art thou sure,
saunyng, and also fell:
With thee I can not liue, nay bide,
nor yet without thee dwell.

Against Zoilus.

BLack head, red beard, short feete thou hast,
and poreblinde eke thou art:
Tis ten to one, but Zoilus thou
doest harbour harme in harte.

Otherwise.

BLacke hed, red beard short feete thou hast,
and eke thou art poreblinde:
Thou woorkst a wonder Zoile, if thou
hast any good in mynde.

Against Policarmus.

TEn tymes in twelue mõthes thou art sick
or oftner, Policarme:
And this thy sickneſſe neuer thee,
but frendes of thyne doeth harme.
For after health recouered still,

thy

thy frends thou askest gifts:
For shame bee sicke but once a yere,
and leaue these guilefull shiftes.

EX XENIIS, ET APOPHORETIS, MARTIALIS.

Wheate flower.

THe profits greate, none maie repeate
of flower so fine perdie:
Sith for the Cooke, and Baker bothe,
it serues to occupie.

Lettuce.

SIth that our auncients vsde to eate,
Lettuce when all was doon:
I muse why euery meale of vs,
with Lettuce is begunne.

Leckes oft cut.

STrong sentyng Leekes of Tarentine,
when so thou cranched haste:
Be sure to kisse thy lasse with lippes,
together clinched faste.

The Dormouse.

I Slepe out all the Winter sharpe,
and fattest then am I:

All

All whiche tyme naught but ſlũberyng ſleepe
doeth make me fatte perdy.

The Conie.

THe little Conie loues to ſcoute,
In Berries, that are digged out:
By theſe our foes in elder daies,
Haue learned many ſecrete waies.

The Ringdoue, or Stockdoue.

THe Stockdoues ſecrete parts,
make lumpiſhe, dull, and dedde:
Shunne hym to eate, if thou wilt bee
with liuely courage ſpedde.

The Peacocke.

THou wondreſt when he ſpreads abrode,
his wyngs that glitterynge looke:
And canſt thou finde in harte, to giue
hym to the cruell Cooke?

The Swanne.

WIth warblyng note, he tuneth verſe.
The Swanne doeth ſweetely ſyng
Before his death, tracyng a long
the ſtreame with fethered wyng.

A ſhelfiſhe, in Latine Murex.

(CHurle as thou art) with our blood,
thy clothes are purple died:

Yet

Yet this is not sufficient,
we made are meate beside.

The Gogion.

ALthough in Venice feasts they make,
and still haue daintie chere:
Yet with a Gogeon thei beginne,
their suppers lightly there.

The Hare.

EMongest birdes the Thrushe is best,
and beares awaie the bell:
Emongest beasts the Hare is best,
and doeth the rest excell.

Does.

THe tuske the Bore doeth well defende:
the horne the Harte doeth shelde:
Poore sillie Does what els are wee,
but preyes to Doggs in feeld:

Wine of Tarentum.

AVlon hath Woolles moste excellent,
and Grapes moste goodly fine:
Take thou the ponderous waightie felles,
giue me the precious Wine.

Sweete oyle, or oyntment.

NOr wine nor oyntmēt leaue thine heire:
let hym possesse thy pelfe

For

For his parte: and these other giue
all onely to thy self.

Chestes made of Iuery.

IN coffers these put nothyng els
saue yellow glisteryng golde:
Chests homely, rude, lesse precious,
may siluer serue to holde.

Nuttes.

SMall dice and nuttes, feme trifling toyes,
and thinges of slender price:
Yet these haue made boyes buttockes smart
with rods, not once, nor twise.

The combe, to the baldpate.

WIth boxen combe, thick toothed sharpe,
that giuen is to thee
What wilt thou doe? when as no heare
is on thy head to see.

Otherwise.

WHat wilt thou doe, wt cõbe thick tothed so?
whẽ as no heare vpõ thy head doth grow.

The Coffer wherin bookes are laid.

TYe streict, bind hard thy bookes in mee:
lest that with Mothes consumd they be.

Light, pertainyng to the
chamber.

Thy

THy Candle bright, of chamber chine
the secrets all I knowe:
Doe what thou list, I still am whist,
No secrets I doe showe.

A Candlesticke of wood.

THou seest that wood I am, vnlesse
thy light thou do well watch:
A Candle great shall I become,
the flame if once I catche.

Belloyes.

FResh frisk yng youth be packyng hence,
Wild age agrees with mee:
Boyes bellowes best beseeme, and syres
that frosty herded be.

A medicine by rubbyng to make
the teeth vvhite.

TEll? what hast thou to doe with mee?
fayre gerles and maydens ought
Mee for to vse: Arrim no teeth
made, counterfet, and bought.

A Lanterne of Horne.

ALanterne bright (incloasing light)
the waie I show thee best:
The candle in my bosome put
doth shrowd, and safely rest.

A

A Flye flap of Peacockes plumes.

THe taile of princely Peacock proud,
that glisteryng faire doth show,
May serue to flay the filthy flies
vpon thy meate that blow.

The Parret.

I Pratyng Parret am, to speake
some straunge thing learne ye me:
This of my selfe I learnd to speake,
Cæsar alhaile to thee.

The Nightingale.

FAyre Philomela howles, for fact
Of Tereus filthy kyng:
A maid she could not speake, a byrd
she loud and shrill doth sing.

The Pye.

A Chatteryng Pye am I, and doe
salute my maister thee:
If mee thou sawest not, thou wouldest sure
deeme mee no bird to be.

Cups of Christall.

WHen thou dost feare to breake these cups,
then doest thou breake them still:
Bold hands are ill to hold these cups,
and fearefull hands are ill.

A Girdle.

NOw long am I, but when with child
thy belly shall beare out:
Than gerdle short I shall be made,
and scant thee come aboute.

Hay.

When feathers want, to stuffe thy couche
with hay thou maist be seru'd:
Pale care doth seldome come to couche
on hard and homely bed.

Leander.

LEander bold, in welt'ring waues
cride, spare mee now ye Seas
Untill my lady I haue seen,
then drowne mee, if you pleate.

The Tumbler.

NOt for hymself, but for his lorde,
the tumbler hunteth free:
Which clapt in mouth doth byting vnhurt
the Leueret vnto thee.

The Ram.

WIth Butchers knife thou carued hast
the Ram his tender throate:
Deserud he this whiche vnto thee
so often gaue his coate?

The Havvke.

A Rauener fowle of foule he was,
now faulckoners seruaunt he:
He birds beguiles, yet gaineth not
the birds that taken be.

A Cooke.

TIs not sufficient for a Cooke
a Cooke for to be tryde:
A Cooke must know his maisters mouth,
and appetite beside.

A baker of fine Cakes, or like thinges.

A Thousand sweete delicious knackes
he formeth fine, by skill:
For hym alone they busy bee
doth toyle and labour still.

PICTORIVS.

To Leonellus. *Submission.*

THy mountyng minde doth still aspire,
thou still doest boast and cracke:
And Leonel thou wouldest be
Magister totum fac.
And whilest thou powtst thus puft w̄ pride,
and deemst thou doest excell
All else beside, thou driuest thy selfe,
to deepest pit of hell.
Ah, yet at length submit thy self,
let Pride thee not beguile:
Deare shalt thou be to Christ, if thou
seeme to thy selfe as, vile.

Sorovvyng for the dead.

THou weepest still, thou skrechest shrill,
thou halest from head thyne heares:
Thy face all torne with scratchyng clawes,
like S. Jhons face appeares.
Dost thinke thy sonnes departed hence,
may thus againe be had?
To sorrow for the dead, is but
Greef vnto greef to ad.

To Titus. *Naughtines borne withall.*

I Mused what should be the cause,
why men doe nothyng feare

Nor

Nor shame to doe offences, suche
as hainous do appeare:
When lo I heard a voice whiche spake,
the wordes whereof were suche:
Ah, wicked deedes and cursed crimes,
are cockered to to muche.

To A man thankeles.

FOr kinreds sake and curtesie,
thou often doest require:
For frendships cause and amitie,
againe thou doest desire.
And comfort none thou doest receiue,
of frend, nor yet of brother:
And why? because thou wilt not doe
for one good turne, another.

To Sextus. *Pittie almes.*

PRoude Pallaces with battlements,
thou hast erected hie:
Thy farmes and maner howses, stord
with euery thyng do lye.
Thou dost abound in beddes of Tawne,
thy fare is passyng fine:
Thy clothes are costly to thy backe:
all passyng that is thine.
Uppon thy selfe, thy goods and coine,
thou spendest euermore:
Dost aske how bet they may be spent?
how? marrie on the poore.

To Baptista Castellus.

ALL men (as well the riche as poore)
of force must one daie die:
And more are riche men hurt by store,
then poore by penurie.
Goods, seldome (they) doe bring to God:
a Cable shall go in
Muche soner through a Nedels eye,
then Diues heauen win.

To Zoylus. *Weeping teares.*

A Shipwracke thou hast made of late:
from blubbering teares refraine:
Lost goods, by loud lamenting cries,
may not be got againe.
Thy brest is Zoyl a sinke of sinnes:
thou still hast gone astraye:
Wherefore waile Zoylus for thy sinnes,
teares washe mens sinnes awaie:
But thou dost laugh my words to scorne:
no force, laugh if thou please:
Yea laugh thy fill, sweet hony still
the sickly doth displease.

To Homer. *an Hypocrite.*

I Can not chuse but praise thee, that
thou earnest art in Prayer:
And that vnto the Temple thou
so often makest repaire.
That Idlenes thou doste eschew,

whiche breedes a lothsum life:
That thou wilt not be sient to talke,
with any others wife.
That thou dost not in vsurie
nor honour vaine delight:
Yet Homer, all thing is not gold
that shines and glisters bright.

To Zeno. *Castigation.*

HE is not still an enemy
that makes to smart, and smites:
Ne is he still a faithfull frende.
that pleaseth and delightes.
Farre better sure it is to haue,
sowre Zeno vs to loue:
Then he that sekes by flatery fayre,
for to allure and moue.

To Caper. *raumes. backbityngs.*

THou dosse complaine, thy fate
vnluckie still to be,
Because that Fabius froward foole
bites, blames, and sclaunders thee.
Caper content thy selfe,
who is reported, he
No miser is, the Sycophantes
themselues the misers be.

To Criticus. *Children must be instructed.*

SOft claye, may founde and framed be
how and to what you will,

The tender waxe, to any shape,
is prest and pliant still:
So youth in tender yeares may be
instructed how you list,
And how they frame themselues in youth,
so lightly they persist.
Wherfore in vertue, Criticus
instruct thy child betyme:
To no admonishment their eares
the grauer sort incline.

To Quirinus.

MEns faces diuers are and strange:
so are their hartes likewise:
And what lyes hidden in the hart,
none may discerne with eyes:
For some you see that gentle seeme,
and curteous outwardly:
When scorchyng hatred in their hart
doth burne incessantly.
Some Damons deare, in face appeare,
and Demons dire in chest:
So selde or neuer still you see,
the browe bewraies the brest.
And frende Quirinus, Calaber
the kyng doeth fauour thee,
Yet mayest thou bee assurde of this,
none more thy foe then he.

Perchaunce my boldneſſe ſome will blame,
no force, I care not, I:
Nothyng maie lurke or bee concelde,
where frendſhip ſtirme doeth lye.

To Vrſus. *a backbiter.*

FOr that I did refuſe,
Vrſus to aunſwere thee
Aboute Religion,
thou muſeſt muche at mee.
I giue no holie thynges to dogs,
a carpyng curriſhe wighte,
No better then a curre I counte,
whiche ſtill doeth barke and bite.

To Philenius. *a flatterer.*

THe Mallarde when ſhe ſees the Hauke,
in haſte ſhe hies awaie:
When horned Harte beholds the Dog,
no lenger doeth he ſtaie.
So frende Philenius, ſuch as woods
eſchue, as enmies darte:
The faunyng flatterer worſe then foe,
doeth ſmite, and make to ſmarte.

To Petrus. *Loue diſſimuled.*

VNleſſe ſome worthie woorke in verſe,
I doe preſent to thee:

Thou saiest all loue and frendlinesse,
shall ceasse, twixt thee and me.
Euen when you please I am content,
a Flie for suche a freude:
Leude is the loue that doeth not last,
but startyng taketh ende.

To Arnus. *Surfet.*

DOest aske with sundrie sicknesses,
why men are vexed so:
By diuers deintie dishes sure,
diseases diuers growe.
Our elders that one dishe did vse,
did healthfull still endure:
Then skant ten herbes in field were founde,
an hurte or sore to cure.
Now hilles, and woods, and seas are sought:
all places more, and lesse:
And eke we practise Magicke arte,
and suche like deuilishnesse.
And yet our soares exceede our salues,
and needes it must be so:
For men will rather lose their liues,
then gluttonie forgoe.

To Marius. *Armour and weapon against the deuill.*

AGainst the slie deceiptes,
of Sathan tyraunt fell

By

My Marius, wouldſt thou knowe
how to bee fenſed well:
Firſt curet thyne muſt bee,
All pryde for to expell:
Thy helmet, as thy ſelfe,
To loue thy next as well.
Thy buckler that muſt bee,
A chaſt vnſpotted breſt:
Vſe patience for thy brigandine,
when Fortune doeth moleſt.

To Coſmicus. *Curioſitie in decking the bodie.*

WIth odours ſweete of Siria ſoile,
thy garments all doe ſmell:
If corps thou waſhe not thryſe adaie,
thou thinkſt it is not well.
Thy buſhe of heare is braided braue
and friſeled woondrous fine:
No ſpot or mole doeth once deforme,
the comely corps of thyne.
Doe theſe beſeme a ſeruaunt, of
the kuyng Lorde of light:
No man that ſetts ſo by hym ſelf,
can pleaſe the Lorde a right.

To Pamphilus. *frendſhip.*

IF thou doe bid me range abrode,
by lande, or els by ſeas:

To

To pleasure thee, I will be preste:
I nill regarde myne ease.
No monstrous beast with grashyng chaps,
in desert that doeth bide,
Shall me deter: nor rumblyng waues,
of Occian sea so wide.
Ice, scorchyng heate of Sommer hotte:
stormes, that so fearce are thought:
Rockes, ratlyng haile, raine, all will I
contemne and set at nought.
Perchaunce thou deemst I speake and prate,
to to outragiouslie:
Tushe Pamphil, what a frende can doe,
no tongue can speake perdie.

Repentaunce.

IF thou wilt haue me deme, that thou
repentst thee of thy synne:
To synne a freshe in woonted wise,
see thou doe not beginne.
What beast is he, whiche beyng washt
in waues of flowyng flood.
Will straite goe baske hym selfe afreshe
in durte, and dablyng mudde.

To Propertianus. *a Niggarde.*

WHo not vouchsafes hymselfe to helpe,
(Philenis miser he,)
Doest thinke Propercian he will giue,

they

they lande he promise thee:
Who will deceiue hym self, no doubt
an other will beguile:
No credite is for to bee giuen,
vnto a miser vile.

To Lazarus. *Vice in honour.*

DOest marueil why myne anger is,
so greate as now it is:
My soule lothes Lazarus to liue,
in suche a worlde as this.
Who pointed are to punishe synne,
themselues synne openly:
This man he spends the Orphants goods,
this keepes them wrongfully.
Now Iudges bribed are eche where,
now hands are gresde apace:
Now now suborned witnesses,
all thyngs in piteous case.
In fine, my louyng Lazarus,
who is not bent to vice:
They count hym now a coxcombe foole,
a noddie, nothyng wise.

To Paulus B. *Of an harlot.*

BEcause Elisia laughes on thee,
Paule therefore thou art glad:
To ioye in ones owne miserie,
a mischief to to bad.

Per-

Perchaunce she flattereth thee, and saieth
she neuer will thee leaue:
Ah, neuer credite harlot smothe,
she alwaies doeth deceaue.

To Ponticus. *Examples.*

AWaie with thyne admonishements
and speache so pleasaunt fine:
Muche moue examples Ponticus,
small moue those wooyds of thyne.
An easie matter foy to speake,
but foy to doe, tis harde:
Doe as thou saiest, els what thou saiest,
we will not me regarde.

To Marianus. *Stable abidyng.*

THou haste begunne the pathe to shunne,
that leades to vice, tis well:
And foy because thou haste doen so,
my ioye no tongue can tell.
But yet remember this bith waie,
not he that doeth begimne:
But who perseuers to the ende,
shall gloyies garlande winne.

Lithernes.

IN daies of olde were champions stout,
That lustie, long in healthe helde out:
Foy why? of them was slurgyng slothe,
And gluttonie auoided bothe:

Now

Now deintie dishes hasten death,
And beds bereue our bodies breath.

To Larus. *Infirmities.*

THe greuous gowte putts thee to paine:
From women, cates, and wine refraine:
This sickenesse sore, and greef of thine,
Maie bring to passe, that lawe deuine,
Could neuer bring to passe in thee:
A newe man this maie make thee bee.
This greef thee with God maie winne:
With doloures ioyes doe ofte beginne.

To Maximus a *Miser.*

THis is thy call still, Maximus,
thou vse it euermore:
Because thou wilt not spende thy goods,
thou sparst to feede the poore.
Ah caitiffe carle, how art thou witche
with blinde desire of gaine:
Knowest not that carking couetousnesse,
brings hell and howling paine?
The carle that letts the poore to pine,
and saues his paultrie pelfe,
What seekes he but to spare his goods,
and quight to spill hym selfe?

Luste vnsatiate.

BLacke Proserpine hath neuer suckt,
of humaine bloud her fill:

The

The drie vnsaciable ground,
doth thirst for moysture still.
And though thou caste (and neuer ceasse)
whole forrests in the fire:
It saies not ho, for more it calles,
more still it doth desire.
So greedy lust vnsatiate,
doth not contented bide,
Untill it hath destroid the corps,
and eke the soule beside.

To Ollus *Patience.*

NE teares auaile the sicke, in dence
nor those in grape now ded:
Ne pearcyng plaintes when ship is sunk,
stande Mariners in sted.
So fades no whit thy furie Ol,
when thou dost rage, and roze:
But rather through thy greuous grones,
augmentes it more and more.
What thou dost suffer take in worth,
and beare with patient minde:
What thou dost beare against thy will,
more lodesome shalt thou finde.

To Iacobus Melitus. *Detraction.*

LEad still a godly life,
well still thy selfe behaue:
Yet thee shall wicked tongues
reproch,

reproche, and eke despaire.
It is the pastime and delight
Of Zoyles, at good men still to spight.

To Vincentius Nouatus. *shun sloth.*

IF thou Vincentius carest for
the health that still doth laste:
Then farre from thee continually,
see sluggish sloth thou caste.
When balking slothfull in the sunne,
the fiend his foe doth see:
Then then with mightie hand alwaies
to weapon runneth he:
But whom he sees to labor prest,
theim lets he still alone:
He labor lothes, and loues the lusse
to ease and pleasure prone.

To Flaccus. *Extortioners, Cormorauntes.*

ONe sillie drop of water alst
the glottons greedie gorche
With humble suite, to swage the heat
that so his tonge did scorche:
Yet neuer robd he as I reed,
the poore of ought hym selfe to feed.
If that be cause he would not giue,
thus plaugd the riche man was
With torments suche in hell, what shall

become of them (alas)
That nothyng giue, but still oppresse
poore widdowes, and the fatherles.

To Marullus. *Almes deedes.*

DOost feare that God will angrie be,
and turne away his face from thee
Marullus mine? I will thee tell
a waye, how to be safe and well.
Thy face turne thou not from the poore:
God, like for like, payes euermore.
The good man feareth nought.
IF fortune doe but bend the bowe,
and ner so little strike:
Thou out of courage straight art dashe,
I neuer saw the like.
And yet thou countst thy selfe for good:
but by no reason sure:
For goodmen they with manly harts,
do all mishaps indure.
Let murdring Mars be mooie mad,
let fire and flame destroie:
Let frettyng famin pine and paine,
let mischefes all annoye.
With stout corragious minds, all thinges
good honest men sustaine:
Knowyng that hereby, onely they,
their hauen and heuen obtaine.

By miſeries and daungers great,
by death it ſelfe, we goe,
Vnto the ſweete celeſtiall coaſt,
where pleaſures all do flowe.

To Dioniſius Feb. *The holy Scripture.*

ALl thinges the fragrant field doth feed,
accordyng vnto kinde:
The birde hath ſeede: the oxe hath ſtrawe:
the dog his praie doth finde.
Euenſo the ſacred Bible booke,
for euery kinde and ſorte
Hath ſtore of foode and nouriſhment,
that liſt thereto reſorte.
Here tender babes haue milke and pap:
here ripe of yeares haue breed:
Here alſo wanteth not repaſt
for age with hory head.
Yet hereof ſmall account is made,
the cauſe may ſoone be knowne:
Each one doth ſeeke to feede his eares,
and let his hart alone.

To Archemedorus. *A Curſoner.*

PEares, Birdes, to Iulius thou doſt ſend,
all thinges both great and ſmall:
And lorde, and king, and little god,
thou alwaies dooſt him call.
What meanes all this Archemedore?

what thinkst to get by this?
To cooſen hoȝie heares, perdie
no eaſie thing it is.

To Linus. *Vice.*

GO thou where Phœbus ſcoȝching burnes,
or go where Boȝias raignes:
Go hide thy ſelfe in dampiſhe dennes,
where darkenes blacke remaines.
Go where and to what place thou wilte,
thy ſinnes will follow thee:
By chaunge of place, this certayn is,
vice can not chaunged be.
If thou be faultie, from thy minde
all vice abandon clere:
And Linus lead another life,
and dwell not other where.

To one verie timerous.

NOw Does we may call delperat,
and Hartes coȝagious holde:
For Does, and Hartes, leſſe timerous
then thee a thouſand folde.
To be afraid where is no feare,
is ſigne of daſtardie:
And ſoone the faint of coȝage fall
in ſnares of Sathan ſlie.
Againſt all daunger, and miſhap,
the cheſeſt thing no dout

Is

Is for to haue a prudent head,
and heart corragious stoute.
Feare not the commyng of mishappe,
but when that it is come:
Then stick vnto thy tacklyng stoute,
and beare both all and some.

To Katharina.

THe rumor goes, and told it is
(mine owne good Katharine)
That thou dost blaze my name abroad,
and laude the deedes of mine.
Use measure in thy wordes, and leaue
thy laudyng so of mee:
Whom women laude are seldom likt,
but still suspected be.
And for thou shalt no ill misdeeme,
nor me vnthankfull call:
I thanke thee here, let this suffise
in recompence of all.
A Virgin rare renoumd thou art.
now wilt thou know of mee
What best and most beseemes a maid:
ay blushing red to be.

B. DARDANIVS.

A liuely description of Hope.

THou that on totteryng globe doſt ſtande,
art thou a Goddes, tell
Or els a mortall creature borne?
a goddes. Verie well.
Whence ſprong, or how begotten, ſpeake?
of darkneſſe ſpryng did I.
What nurſe did feede and giue thee ſucke?
that did credulitie.
Who at thy backe behinde thee bides?
ioyes, whiche doe glad and chere.
And what is he, that ſtill ſo pale
doeth goe before thee? feare.
Alofte, vp to the loftie heauens,
thy lookes why doeſt thou caſte?
I doe beholde the heauens, whereas
I hope to dwell at laſte.
But tell me now, what doeth deforme
thy face ſo faire and bright?
I vexed am when my deſires,
are voide and fruſtrate quight.
By ſtaffe why doeſt thou ſtaie thy ſelf?
while hope doeth feede my mynde:
Old croked age with ſtealyng ſteps,

encro-

encrocheth on by kynde.
Why reelst thou staggeryng to and fro?
hope still doeth slipperie stande:
The thyng whiche ofte I thinke to holde,
doeth slip out of my hande.

The Description of Iustice.

WHat hights thy name, thou goddes tell?
my name doeth Iustice hight.
Why lookst thou fell? teares, plants, nor bri-
maie make me goe from right. (bes
Borne of what stocke? of Gods aboue.
thy parents names descrie?
Pealure my sire, my mother truste,
my nurse was penurie.
A babe who lulde thee in her lap?
faire Prudence noble dame.
By whom doest thou the guiltie knowe?
Iudgement doeth shewe the same.
Why beares thy lefte hande ballaunces:
thy right a shinyng blade?
The one doeth ponder causes iuste:
to plague the swoorde is made.
So fewe why are there thee to ayde?
good men are vanisht quight.
Who doeth thee still associate?
poore plainesse pure and bright.
Why is thy one eare open wide:

thy other closed faste:
The good, they alwaies must be heard:
the bad, they must be caste.
Why in apparell art thou poore:
who will be iuste and right,
Shall neuer while he liues, become
a riche and wealthie wight.

Verses of Dardanus, sent to
Dominicus Saulus.

SOme men for gifts, giue glisteryng golde
and some giue precious stones:
Some Iuerie, costly glasses some
wrought curious for the nones.
Some guiftes doe giue of grauen woorke,
and housbandmen doe bryng
Nutts, cornailes, apples, peares, & plumms,
and many a prettie thyng.
But sith I want the fertill grounde,
where all these thyngs should growe:
And sith my feelds with golden streames
of Pactol, doe not flowe,
I can not thee suche presents giue:
but in the steade of them,
I verses sende vnto thee here:
I haue nor golde nor gem.
But if thou saie they are no gifts,
but trifles worthie nought:

I pray thee what of Irus pooze,
to Crœsus maie be brought?

The song of S. Ierome in the desert.

THou straunger, loe with ragged stones
I beate and bounce my breste:
I waile my synnes, my greuous synns
wherewith I am oppreste.
I doe lament my leude led life,
and former ouersight:
(Ah blest and treble blest againe,
the pure vnspotted wight.)
If gronyngs greate, get grace at God,
and loude lamentyngs, loue:
I hope my piteous pearcyng plaintes,
shall God to mercie moue.
All tisyng talke I doe auoyde,
from enuie I departe:
And shunne I doe occasions all,
that weake the manly harte.
Wherefore I haue betane my self,
in desert here to dwell:
Emong a rout of rauenyng beasts,
fierce, furious, frantick fell.
And what though in this wilderneſſe,
no wight will come and see
Me grisly wretche: yet here alwaies
my God remaines with me.

No man that loueth God a right
(in woods or deserts wide)
But hath sufficient companie
and comfort to beside.
Here chitteryng birds doe chirp and chaunt,
in heate here pleasaunt shade:
Here want not christall quiuerying springs,
wherein to washe and wade.
A pittance here sufficeth well:
I banquets set not by:
And here, because I wish for naught,
I naught am wantyng, I.
Here hunger is the onely sauce,
that likes my stomake best:
Here nothing me mislikes: enough
sufficeth as a feast.
Here fruite bringes forth the fertill soyle,
Untoylde and eke vntild:
In stead of bed I lye on leaues,
wherwith the woods are filde.
With blot or blame, I none defame,
alone here as I dwell:
Nor gnawyng enuie hurteth mee,
I here do liue so well.
No glory, nor ambition vaine
doe here torment my minde:
I glorie but in God alone,
and hym I hope to finde.

Here

Here Venus prinked vp in pride
and pranked, fine and gaie
Doeth neuer come: no luste doeth laste,
but hence departs awaie.
In pleasaunt shade when so I please,
I slepe and take my reste:
No thundryng trump nor thumpyng theeke,
my slumbryngs here moleste.
My mynde is not on money set,
I doe not heape nor hoorde:
Alone I seeke to please my God,
and to embrace his woorde.
All thyngs beside the woorde of God,
are euen as dryzslyng miste:
Fonde, vile and vaine, of none effecte,
let men saie what them liste.
Ofte tymes here comes and faunes on me,
fearce Lions furious fell.
And diuers dreadfull beasts besids,
that in the woods doe dwell.
And still the Lorde doth lende me helpe
gainst death and daungers all:
I stande in dread of nothyng I,
for on the Lorde I call.
Yet here emong these raggie rocks,
and beasts of cruell moode:
Where fountayne water is my drinke,
where herbes doe serue for foode.

Here

Here sensuall pleasure doeth assault,
to winne me by her might:
But still with reason I resiste,
and chase her from my sight.
But thou whiche liuste at pleasure thyne,
and all thyngs haste at will:
Thiche soft doest lye, which doest with cates
and wine thy beallie fill.
Ah wretche with heate of filthie luste,
what torments doest thou trie?
When she for to assault thy mynde,
with hastie stepps doeth hye.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

To Pamphilus.

THou sendst vs wine: we want no wine,
my Pamphil trustie frende;
Wilt sende vs what we want & wishe:
then *thurst* my Pamphil sende.

To his Ladie beloued.

IN rage thou turnest me awaie,
againe thou dost me take:
Thou harde at heeles doest followe me,
yet me thou doest forsake.
Kinde art thou, courteous eke,

yet

yet cankered, curst againe:
Thou wilt, and wilt not: me thou louste,
and me thou putst to paine.
Thou promisse makst, and it forsakst:
in deepe dispaire I pine,
Yet liue in hope: Ah Tantal would
my state were like to thine!
A painfull plague, in cristall streames,
to bee a thirst and dye:
But what a plague to be a thirste,
sweete Nectar standyng by?

BRVNO.

A true saiyng.

ONce woodden Challices there were,
Then golden priests were euery where:
Now golden chalices there be,
And woodden priestes eache where to see.

To Omellia.

THou marueleste Omellia much,
why none do seeke and sue
To match with thee: what is the cause,
I now will tell thee true:
If any man Omellia,
should match and linke with thee:

Thy

Thy husbands mother, not his wife,
thou wouldst reputed be.

A Iest of a certayne harebraind husband.

A Certen husband wilde did hate his wife:
And vsd to coyle her coate, w cudgill rife.
One sayd to hym, beate not thy wife so sore:
Then bumping blowes good words will doe muc
Now after this, ỹ husband harebraind beast, (mo
With Bible book still bounst her on the breast:
They say good words wil do much good said he:
If good, good words wil do: thã here they be.

Against Hugo.

HVgo doth laude no man at all,
nor no man loueth he:
He thinketh, others to dispayse,
the cheefest prayse to be.
What gets he now by hatyng thus?
all men hym hate indeed:
And boyes call Hugo black, and say
of Hugo blacke take heede.

Of a Foole that found a Crab-fish.

BY fortune once in sommer tyme,
when sun did frye and flame,
From natiue brooke (where he was bred)
a crab-fish crawling came.
And while he frisking plaid on banke,

gay

gay glistering greene with grasse:
He was vp taken, by a man,
that there by hym did passe.
This wight that found hym was a foole,
and had no crabfish seen:
Wherefore he thrust his hand in haste,
his claspyng clawes betwene.
The crab did pinch and pearce hym sore,
wherefore he cast hym quick
Into the flood: and sayd withall,
Ile teach you syr to p:tck.
The crab peart flappeth fast his tayle
and in the waues doth spring:
See said the foole, the plucking pangs
of death how sore they sting.

A Iest of a Theefe.

A Certain Theefe found guiltie, both
of theft and periurie:
Was iudgd to haue his tong cut out
with knife, most cruelly.
Oh, sayd the theef vnto the Judge,
your pointed purpose stay:
Oh, saue my tongue, with caruyng knife
and cut mine eares away.
Twoo eares for one tongue I will lose:
well, quoth the Judge, agreed:
And sent for executioner,

to cut his eares with speed.
Now when the executioner came,
his hat from hed he threw:
And heares there did appeare, but eares
he there had none to vew:
(For he had lost his eares before)
each laught to see his wife:
And hauyng thus deceyd the Judge
the theefe hymself gan smile.

CYNTHIVS IOANNES BAPTISTA.

To Diana Ariosta.

IN browe, in breast, in beautie braue,
in skill, and noble name:
Chast Cynthia thou resemblest right
Diana, peerlesse Dame.
In this alone ye are not like,
hartes wilde she killed still:
Hartes milde thou kilst: she kild with bowe,
with look but thou dost kill.

Of Niobe.

YE hunt brutes be packyng hence,
approche ye pensiue wights:
And mourne with me whom sorrowe fell,
torments bothe daies and nights.

Brattes

Brattes 7. and 7 by me were borne,
and brought into the light:
Of 7. and 7. (ah wretche) againe
the Gods haue refte me quight.
I melted into teares, and now
transformde to Marble stone:
I drop foorth teares: so as in life
I mourne, now life is gone.
Learne here ye mortalles all, what tis
with stroutyng pride to swell:
And what likewise, for to despise
the Gods, in heauen that dwell.

Of his straunge loue.

IN fire I freeze, in Froste I frie:
How so, wouldst knowe? a louer I.

To Renata, a noble Dame.

FOr princely pompe, and riches greate,
queene Iuno beares the bell:
Pallas for skill: for puritie
Diana doeth excell.
For beautie braue doeth Venus passe:
Renata learned well,
Riche, chast, of beautie braue beside,
all fower doeth farre excell.

Vesbia.

THree Furies (here tofore)
haue alwaies been in hell:

But now that Vesbia she is there,
there furies fower doe dwell.

TEXTOR.

Praiers for the ded, nothyng profit.

Thou sowest in sāde, thou ploust ẏ plash,
thou anglest in the ayer:
If so thou goest about to helpe,
the soule deceast by praier.

An Epitaphe.

I Laught, I wepe: I was, but now
I nothyng am become:
I plaied, but now I ceasse to plaie:
I sang, but now am domme.
I wakt, I slepe: I studied once,
but loe I now am still:
My fleshe I fedde and pampred once,
but now the wormes I fill:
I welcomde all sometyme, but now
to all I bidde adue:
I caught, but now am caught my self:
now slaine, whiche sometyme slue.
Once faught I, now I peace enioye:
I life enioyed all right,

Of right againe I muſt therefore
yelde vnto Mors his might:
I yelde, and yelde I muſt of force:
yearth was I once certaine,
Yearth, duſte, and now at laſte I am
yearth, duſte, become againe.
Yearth, duſte, now naught at all: wherefore
worlde vaine adue to thee:
And ſith I needes muſt hence awaie,
wormes welcome you to me.

To his Frende.

THou wont waſt often to demaunde,
when we ſhould foes become:
And when the knot of frendſhip ſhould,
betwene vs be vndoon.
Can Flint or Marble harde be made,
as yeldyng Butter ſofte?
Or can the lumpiſhe Ore be made,
to mount and ſoar alofte?
Can Woulues and Lambes agree? or can
the ſcrawlyng Crab crepe right?
Or can the Night, as gladſome Daie
become ſo cleare and bright?
Can Catte forbeare to catche the Mouſe?
can Henne and Kite agree?
Can Daie be darke? or can the Night
as cleare Aurora bee?

Can Crowes be made both faire and white,
and Swannes bothe foule and blacke?
Can colde congeled Ice, be hotte:
can Winter coldneſſe lacke?
Can Fire then Water be moꝛe cold?
oꝛ can the Hare, delight
To plaie and dallie with the Dog:
can ought be emptie quight?
Can Winde from blowyng be reſtrainde?
can ſurgyng Seas bee ſtill?
Can flotyng Fiſhe foꝛſake the fooꝛde:
can Death leaue of to kill?
Can Foxe and Henne, bothe in a Penne
agree together well?
Can peace abide with butteryng blowes?
can loue with diſcoꝛde dwell?
Can ſeas be waterles and dꝛie?
can hilles be dales without?
Can woods be boyd of trees: oꝛ ſkies,
deuoid of ſtarres thꝛoughout?
Can one lone Emot dꝛinke the ſeas?
can God be from an hie?
Can God haue euer any ende?
can moꝛtalles ſhun to die?
Can ragged rockes be pꝛecious ſtones?
can Iron Gold excell:
Can dꝛowſie dꝛunkennes eſteme,
ſage ſober manners well:

Can

Can fame be husht and silence keepe:
can drabs their tattle ceasse?
Can Venus vicious vile berhasst,
and leaue her beastlines?
Whē thou canst bring these things to passe,
eache one bothe more and lesse:
Or seest them to be brought to passe,
then shall our frendship ceasse.

To the Pope.

IF that thou wilt not saue thy flocke,
from wolues deuouring throate:
At least be not a wolfe thy selfe,
clad in a sheepskin coate.

To spirituall pastors.

AS pastor pure, preserue thy flocke,
haue Argus eyes to watche:
Lest that the feend the woulfe of hell,
doe thee and thine dispatche.
Thou oughtst their woolll and fleese to shere:
to shere, but not to shaue:
Haue Argus eyes I saie againe,
thy flocke to shield and saue.
No meruell now, though sickly sheepe,
and sore deseasd we see:
For who as nowadaies (God knowes)
but wolues their keepers be.

A woman.

A Woman fawnes, and doth intrap,
a woman wageth war:
She guiles, the bodie she doth blind,
the members she doth mar.
She febles force, she drawes a man,
she burneth vp the bones:
She fawnes, giues, aſkes, ſhe likes, ſhe lo-
ſhe merrie makes, ſhe mones. (thes
She waſteth wealth, though purſe be ſtuft,
ſhe croſſes makes the ſame:
She fights, she throwes downe mighty wal-
ſtrong Caſtelles ſhe doth tame. (les,
She poſies beares: ſhe glaſſes hath:
as pert as any Pie:
She ſmelles, ſhe kiſſeth, and her coyps
ſhe loues excedyngly.
She tufts her heare, ſhe frotes her face,
ſhe idle loues to be:
She mincyng iets: to vertue ſlow,
but pyone to vice is ſhe.

How to get frendſhip.

GIue much, but little aſke againe,
take heede thou nothyng take:
If muche thou giue, and little aſke,
if guiftes thou doe forſake
Among the common people thou,
ſhalt

shalt beare away the bell:
And thicke and threefold frends will flocke,
with thee to byde and dwell.
But if thou nothyng giue at all,
then frends will from thee flie:
If much thou aske, then shalt thou be
repulsed by and by.
If much thou take, then couetous
and carle they will thee call:
Take naught, aske little, part from much,
and frends haue sure ye shall.

The properties of certaine birdes.

Of the Peacok.

When Argus with his hundred eyes,
Hermes had conquerd quight
By sweet melodyous harmony,
and Musyckes heauenly might.
Then Iuno tooke his watchfull eyes,
and brauely by and by,
She plaste them in my traine, where now
they shine as sunne in skye.
My name hights Peacocke comonly,
I take a greate delight
In settyng vp my plumes aloft,
that brauely glister bright.
I haunt where princely buildings be,
I loth the Cottage base:

I haue a fearfull feendlike note,
a theuish softly pace.
My flesh as hard as hard may be,
from Samos Ile I cam:
Iuno doth mee defend and keepe,
and Iunos byrd I am.

The Eagle.

FRom all the flocke of fliyng fowles
I beare away the bell:
I mount vp to the clusteryng clowdes,
I feare no lightnyngs fell.
Ioues iolly armiger am I,
as Poets pennes haue told:
Among all fethered foules am I,
the goodliest to behold.
Gay gallaunt golden Ganimed,
(in tallents clinched fast)
I carryed vnto Ioue on hye,
of whom he was embrast.
No byrd, no fowle there is, that dare
compare with mee to fly:
The Eagle onely seruaunt is,
to thundryng Ioue on hie.

The Swanne.

A Swanne my name doeth hight:
from forren coste I cam:
Dame Venus Charriot I derect,

and

and Venus birde I am.
Emong the Gods I am belovde,
like Syren sweete I syng:
I ioye to chaunt, before I feele
of Death the dreadfull styng.

The Voulter.

I Called am the Voulter blacke:
I clawe myne enemie
With crooked cruell cratchyng clawes:
a filthie foule am I.
My foode is fullsome carrion foule,
with euery carkas dedde
That tumbled lies in stinkyng ditche,
I loue for to be fedde.
With euery writers penne pursued,
dispraised still am I:
The foulest foule I counted am,
of all the foules that fly.
Yet for the sence of smellyng sure,
no foule surpasse me can:
The Lion, Libarde, Egle, I
surmount, and also man.

The Partridge.

EMong all other birds,
moste mettfull birde am I:
Emong all fethered foules,
I first complaine and crie.

All in the night bothe ginnes and snares,
are laied poore soule for me:
Man spares no paine, but labours still
that I maie taken bee.
Wouldst knowe the cause why I am sought,
of euery Fouler sly:
The cause is this, emong all birds,
the finest flesh haue I.
Thou seest the craftie carren Crowe,
Is neuer cared for:
Because his flesh is fulsome vile,
all men doe hym abhorre.
But I am soft and delicate,
and therefore me they gette:
And for a princely dishe am I,
before greate princes sette.

The Sparrowe.

THe fethered Sparrowe cald am I,
in swete and plaasaunt spring
I greatly doe delight, for then
I chitter, chirpe, and sing.
I take delight in garnisht groues
to seke my liuyng still:
And though but littie birde I am,
yet sing I swete and shrill.
Now thou that greate and mightie art,
despise and set not light

By

By little ones: small ones oftymes I
subdue the greate of might.

NICOLAVS BARTHOLOMAEVS LOCHIENSIS.

Of a dronkard goyng home from the Taucrne.

A Dzunkarde dzinkyng all the daie,
At night did homward take his way:
The dzinke his bladder burdened so,
That he must let his water goe.
Thereby he leande hym to the wall,
By chaunce a shewe as then did fall:
He thzoughly dzunke, and tipled well,
Did deme he pisse the raine that fell:
His mates that with hym then did go,
(Muche mulyng why he tarried so)
Askt hym toth wall he did cleane:
And saied, wilt neuer pissyng leaue:
(Quoth he) so long as God shall please,
I here must pisse, and take myne ease.

To one hauyng a verie red nose.

IF thou didst plie the potte no moze,
then thou doest plye thy booke:
Then would not nose of thyne so rodde
and firie flamyng looke.

HIE-

HIERONYMVS BALBVS.

To Guido.

IN signe of truſtie frendſhip true,
my Guido truſtie frende:
Bothe Uerſes fine, and apples fine,
vnto vs thou didſt ſende.
As apples fine delight the mouthe,
ſo Uerſes pleaſe the minde:
The firſte in taſte, the ſeconde graceſt,
moſte pleaſaunt we did finde.
Thy apples paſſe the glitteryng golde:
thy Uerſes pearles excell:
Thy guifts from either golde, or pearle,
quight beare awaie the bell.
Not better apples then were thine,
might kyng Alcinous ſende:
And Uerſes thyne ſo excellent,
God Clarius might not mende.

To Marianus.

THou enemie to muſes nine,
thou foe to learned dames:
How darſt thou Poets pure diſpiſe,
and ſeeke to foyle their fames?
Orpheus Poet excellent,
with ſong and ſugred voice:

Could

Could tame the hellishe hounde, and make
bothe stones and beasts reioyce.
Arion fingeryng fine his Harpe,
with cunnyng skilfull hande:
Was by a Dolphin saued from seas,
and brought vnto the lande.
Amphion by his eloquence
and sugred speaches milde:
Brought to a ciuell forme of life,
rude barbarous people wilde.
Now if so thou procede and speake,
gainst Poets that excell:
More harde art thou then ragged stones,
and beasts in woods that dwell.

ERASMVS IN HIS CHILIADES.

Of a sheepe that fostered a woolfe.

WIth milke of myne I fed a woolfe,
not of mine owne accorde,
(But therto forst:) for woolues you knowe,
of sheep are still abhord.
When I had brought hym life, at last
my life he reft from mee:
Lo, for no guifts nor benifites,
may nature chaunged be.

Againe

Againe of the same.

WIth milke of mine owne, a woolfe I did feed,
compelled thereto of my sheppard indeed:
Whē lōg I had fed hym, by hym I was spilt,
lo naught wilbe naught, say & do what ỹ wilt.

Best neuer to be borne.

WHat path list you to treade?
what trade will you assay?
The courts of plea by brauli and bate,
driue gentle peace away.
In house for wife and child,
there is but carke and care:
With toile and trauell enough,
in feeldes we vse to fare.
Vppon the Seas lyes dread:
the riche in forren land
Doe feare the losse, and there the poore
like misers poorely stand.
Strife with a wife, without
your thrift full hard to see:
Yong bats a trouble, none at all
a mayme it seemes to be.
Youth fond, age hath no hart,
and pincheth all to nye:
Choose then the leifer of these two
no life, or sone to dye.

Metro-

Metrodorus minde to the contrary.

What race of life run you?
what trade will you assay?
In Court is glory got, and wit
encreaseth daie by daie.
At home we take our ease,
and beake our selues in rest:
The feilds our nature doth refresh
with pleasures of the best.
On seas great gaine is got:
the straunger, he shalbe
Esteemed hauyng much, if not
none knowes his lack but he.
A wife will trim t' y house,
no wife then art thou free:
Blood is a lonely thyng, without
thy life is loose to thee.
Yong blods be strong, old syres
in double honour dwell:
Do way the choyse, no life, or soone
to die, for all is well.

STRO-

STROZA.

Of Scaurus, a riche man and couetous.

SCaurus hath sundrie villages,
rich farmes and manners braue:
Muche lande, fat Oxen, store of coine:
he hath what he can haue.
Yet still he scrapes with tooth and naile,
more, still he doth desire:
With carkyng caryng couetousnes,
his mynde is set on fire.
Fabritius better liues then he,
a poore contented wight:
Whom nether greedy gatheryng,
nor vsury doth delight.

ANTONIVS MVRETVS.

Against Venus.

IF Venus, (as the lyng route
of bablyng Poets sing)
If she out of the surgyng seas
and weltring waues did spring.
How can this come to passe, that she
should burne that so was borne?

By

By flanckeryng flame of furie loue,
to cinders men are woxne.
Ah, grippyng greefe: what hopst thou foꝛ
pooꝛe Louer seely wꝛetch?
Thou from the midst of flowyng stʀeames,
hot scaldyng fire dost fetche.

To Margaris.

When so it raines, and Phœbus rayes
are couered all with cloudes:
Then euery thyng remainyng sad,
in silence pensiue shꝛoudes.
Theꝛefoꝛe muse not my Margaris,
though sad thou dost mee see:
Behold mine eyes raine teares, and thou
my sonne art gone from mee.

To Corellius.

A Baker, Butcher and a Baude,
a Cobler and a Cooke,
Thou art: a Marchant, Lawier to
well skilled in thy booke.
All these Corellius though thou be,
yet pooꝛe thou art perdy:
And none in all the cittie liues,
like thee in miseric.
How can this be be Corellius?
I muse and maruell to,
When as thou canst so many thinges,

Yet nothyng canſt thou doe.

Of Pontilianus.

WHen flamyng Phœbus with his heat,
doth cauſe the ground to chinke,
Straight wayes Pontilian thirſtie cries,
boy hither hie with drinke.
When ſo it raines, lo now ſaith he,
God warnes vs to carowſe:
Which all aboute the ground doth ſo
with ſleet and ſhowers ſouſe.
So gullyng thus, in ſunne nor ſhowers
his drinke is not forgot:
And ſomwhat ſtill he hath to ſay,
why he ſhould toſſe the pot.

AVSONIVS.

An exhortation vnto modeſtie.

MEn ſay, that Kyng Agathocles
once fed in potters plate:
And charged ofte with Samian claie,
his Tables where he ſate.
Mong which his chargers all of Golde,
he ſerued in would ſee:
And ſo together he would minge,
his pride and pouertee.

Where-

Whereof this cauſe he gaue. Lo I
poſſeſſyng pꝛincely place
Of Cicil: late was ſonne vnto
a Potter pooꝛe and baſe.
Learne hence your roomes to reuerence ye
that clime to honour faſt,
And begger bꝛought to honours ſeate,
remember what thou waſt.

Of the Picture of Rufus, a vaine Rhethorician.

THe Rhethoꝛicians ſtatue this,
that Rufus had to name:
Looke euen what Rufus was hymſelfe,
this Image is the ſame.
Tongles and witles, cold and deafe,
a ſtone that can not ſee:
A Rufus right: one difference yet,
moꝛe ſoft was Rufus he.

Of a woman that would haue poyſoned her huſbande.

A Wife, a wicked woman that
a noughtie life did liue,
Unto her iealous huſband did
foule filthy poyſon giue.
She demyng that alone, not of
ſufficient foꝛce to be
To rid hym quicklie: longing ſoꝛe

his quick dispatche to see,
Quickesiluer with the poyson mings,
demyng of both the force,
Would quickly bring hym to his graue,
and make hym soone a corse.
These parted, poyson strong do make,
(What man the same would think)
But put together they preserue,
Who so thereof doth drinke.
Now while together twixt themselues,
these poysons both doe striue:
He voyds from hym the deadly bane,
and so remaines aliue:
What care hath God on earthly soules?
he dead reuiueth man.
And when the fates will haue it so,
two poysons proffit can.

To one that painted Eccho.

THou wiltles wight, what meanes this mad intent,
To draw my face and forme, vnknowne to thee:
What meanst thou so for to molesten mee?
Whom neuer eye beheld, nor man could see.
Daughter to talkyng tongue, and ayre am I,
My mother nothyng is when thinges are wayde,
I am a voyce without the bodies ayde.
When all the tale is tolde and sentence saide,
Then I recite the latter ende afreshe,

In

In mockyng ſort and counterfayting wiſe:
Within your eares my cheſeſt harbour lies,
There doe I wonne, not ſeen with mortall eyes.
And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Eccho hight of men below in ground:
If thou wilt draw my counterfet indeede,
Then muſt thou paint (O Painter) but a ſound.

An Epitaphe of Anitia.

THe thynges that many yeres,
can ſcantly bryng about,
Anitia hath accompliſht, yet
not fullie twentie out.
An infante ſhe hath ſuckt, a maide
ſhe quickly fell in loue:
She linkt, conceiude, brought forth, & did
the pangs of child-birthe proue,
And made a mother, now at laſte,
death hence did her remoue.
Who rightly can the fates accuſe?
ſhe liued hath the yeres,
Eche ages function to performe,
as plaine by proofe apperes.

Of a Hare taken by a Dog-fiſhe.

THe ſentyng hounds purſude,
the haſtie Hare of foote:
The ſelie beaſt to ſcape the Dogges,
did iumpe vppon a roote:

The rotten ſcrag it burſte,
from cliffe to Seas he fell:
Then cride the Hare, vnhappie me,
for now perceiue I well
Bothe lande and ſea purſue,
and hate the hurtleſſe Hare:
And eke the dogged ſkie alofte,
if ſo the dog be theare.

Of Miron an old dottrell, that would haue lyen with Lais.

OLd Miron, Lais wanton wenche
to lye with hym, beſought:
Fine Lais ſhe, did put hym backe
and ſet his ſute at nought.
He knowyng ſure it was his age,
that ſhe did ſo diſpiſe:
His hoarie head (all ouer ſtraght)
with blackyng darke he dies.
And ſo with wonted viſage he,
but not with wonted heare
For to renue his wonted ſute,
goes to his Lays deare.
But ſhe comparyng head of his
and face together well:
Perchaunce this ſame is Miron myne
quoth ſhe: I can not tell.
So ſhe (vncertaine what he was)

disposde to sport and plaie:
In daliyng wise thus gan she speake
and to her louer saie:
Why foolishe fellowe fonde quoth she,
why doest thou this require:
The thyng thou doest demaunde of me,
I earst denied thy sire.

Translated out of twoo Greeke authors: Plato and Scatilius.

A Wretched caitiffe, in dispaire,
went forth with thyrlyng corde
To make awaie hymself: by hap
he founde a golden hoarde:
He ioyfull twas his happie chaunce,
this hidden hoarde to finde:
Forsooke his purpose, tooke the gold
and left the rope behinde.
The owner when he came, and sawe
from thence his ruddocks refte:
For sorrowe hunge hym self with rope,
that there behinde was lefte.

Of Venus in armour.

DAme Pallas Ladie Venus bewde,
clad braue in armour bright:
Let Paris iudge (come on quoth she)
together let vs fight.
See, see, quoth Venus how she brags:

a proude disdainfull dame:
Thou knowst I smockelesse conquerd thee,
peace Pallas, fie for shame.

The same otherwise.

IN compleate Pallas sawe,
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who saied, let Paris now be Judge,
encounter we with hande.
Replide the Goddesse: what?
shoonste thou in armour me:
That naked erst in Ida mount,
so foild and conquerd thee?

Of the picture of Rufus a vaine Rhethoritian, of whom there is an Epigram before.

THis Rufe his Table is,
can nothyng be more true:
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
and he are one to bewe.

Of the picture of the same Rufus.

WIth visage faire, that can not speake,
wouldst knowe what one I am?
I Marrie: I am Rufus he
the Rhethoritian.
What, can not Rufus speake hym self?
he can not: tell me why?
The Image of this Image, for
he is hym self perdie.

Of

Of the Table wherein Rufus was painted.

The portrature of Rufe this is,
whiche here you see:
Muche like the same in deede: hym self
but where is he?
Hym self in stately chaire is plast:
what doeth he there?
Naught els but what you see hym doe
in Table here.

Of the picture of kyng Cræsus, translated out of the first booke of Greke Epigrams.

Thy picture Cræsus kyng that didst
for riches all excell:
Uncouth rude Diogines
behelde beneth in hell.
And vewyng it aloofe, he laught
as though his harte would breake:
At laste (when he had laught his fill,)
he thus began to speake.
O fooliſhe Cræsus, what auailes
now all thy paultrie pelfe?
Sith now thou pooꝛer art, then pooꝛe
Diogines hym self.
Foꝛ what was myne I bare with me,
when ſelie Cræsus pooꝛe

Thou penileſſe didſt packe from hence,
for all thy hugy ſtore.

Of the drinke DODRA: Which is made of nine thinges.

I Dodra hight: How ſo? nine thinges
do go to makyng mine:
Which they? ioyce, water, hony, bread,
ſpice, hearbes, ſalt, oyle and wine.

Againſt two ſiſters of diuers conditions.

WE muſe and maruell Delia muche,
(and that with cauſe) to ſee
That there ſuche difference is betwixt,
thy ſiſter she and thee.
She chaſte doth ſeeme (vnchaſte indeede)
becauſe of her araie:
Thou chaſt indeede, doſt ſeeme vnchaſt,
for garments thine ſo gay.
Though thou be ſpotles pure in life,
thoug she haue honeſt weedes:
Yet garments thyne diſhoneſt thee,
and her her noughtie deedes.

Of a ſluggard.

THe luſke in health is worſer farre,
then he that keepes his bed:
Tis twiſe ſo much that he deuoures

of

of beare, of beafe and bread.

Of the riche and poore man.

HE is not riche which plenty doth poſſes:
Ne is he poore, that nothing hath at all:
And of them both the pooremãs nede is leſſe,
as by the ſequel proued ſee you ſhal. (neede:
The riche of Precious ſtones doth ſtande in
the poore of graine to helpe hym in diſtres:
So ſith the poore & riche both want, indeede
of both their nedes ỹ poremãs nede is leſſe.

Of his deare deceaſed.

THree graces fayre there were: but while
my Leſbia did remaine
Foure were there: and now ſhe is gone,
there are but three agayne.

MICHAEL TARCHA-

MOTA MARVLLVS.

To Neæra.

MY ſweete, you aſke what life I liue:
Euen ſuche a life as you me giue,
Diſtreſſed, dolefull, barde from reſte,
As bad as well can be expreſſe:
This is the life for certaintee,
That you my deare doe giue to me.

You

You doe demaunde my deare beside,
What mates a daies with me abide:
Cares, sicknesse pale, and greef of harte,
Paine, twitching throwes, & scalding smart,
Sighes, sobbes, and teares, and great vnrest,
As bad, as well can be exprest.
Companions these and mates of mine,
These you my deare to me assine.

ANDREAS DACTIVS.

Of hym self, and his frende.

LIke as the bough doeth bud and branche,
knit to his bodie faste:
And pluckt awaie, doeth sone decaie,
drie, wither, dye and waste.
Euen so by thee I stande, or fall,
I liue or dye by thee:
For vnto thee I am the bough,
and thou the stocke to me.

IOANNIS BAPTISTA PIGNA.

Of Naijs.

WHen as the Sunne doeth shine,
if Naijs hide her face:

Then

Then Phœbus dies, and all the feelds
lament in dolefull cace.
When as the Sunne doeth shroude,
if Naijs faire appere,
Then darknesse dies, and all the feelds
reioyce with gladsome chere.

CÆLIVS RHODIGINVS.

How a man should prepare to dye.

GOod ende if thou desire, then well
to liue thy self applie:
A happie life if thou desire,
remember still to die.

Piscarius his Epitaphe.

WHo vnder this same Marble colde,
engraued lyes expresse:
A Fisher greate, in warre a Mars,
and one that loued peace.
What caught he fishe declare me: no.
what then I praie thee tell:
Townes, cities, kingdoms, kings thēselues
haught, stoute, that did excell.
How caught this Fisher these, declare
by what deuised netts:
By counsell deepe, by courage greate,
by strength that all thyngs getts.

Who

Who conquerd this ſtout Duke at laſt?
Mars, Mors, twoo Gods of might:
What was the cauſe that them conſtrainde?
vile enuious helliſhe ſpight.
They hurte hym nought, for ſtill doeth liue
his fame and glorie bright:
Whiche is of force, bothe Mars and Mors,
and all to put to flight.

GEORGIVS SABINVS.

Of the diſcorde of Princes.

TWo thruſhes falne at variaunce
together feirce do fight:
Eache ſeekes the other for to foyle
by ſtrugling, ſtrength, and might.
The Hawke (their cruell enimie)
beholdyng them at ſquare:
In cruell clutches caught them both
and them to peaces tare.
So chriſtian princes while they be
betwene themſelues at bate,
In comes the tyrant Turke, their foe,
and ſpoyles them of their ſtate.

To a Laſſe, lamentyng of her mother the loſſe.

IN wayling the departure, of
thy louyng mother deere:

In

In ragyng ſoꝛt why doſt thou rend
and hale from head thyne heare?
O ſpare thy locks (thou lewde)
and ceaſe to pull thy pate:
Doſt thinke by baldnes pilde,
thy doloꝛ to abate?

Of a Painter: A pleaſant and mery ieſt.

A Painter once (that was
a Zeuxis foꝛ his ſkill)
Had childꝛen foule, deformed, blacke
and of complexion ill.
His wife ſpake to hym thus in ſpoꝛt,
vpon a certen tyme:
Why doſt thou plant ſo naughtly tell,
and paint ſo fayꝛe and fine?
O wife (quoth he) you knowe I plant
in darkenes all the night:
But paint I doe when Phœbus raies
do caſt a radiant light.

A mery ieſt of a *ſcattergood*.

What tyme a certen ſkattergood,
within his gates by night
Did entryng ſee a pilfring knaue,
ſomethyng to ſteale and pike.
Thou art beſnerd here in the night,
to looke foꝛ ought (quoth he)
Foꝛ I my ſelfe when Phœbus bꝛight

doth

doth shine, can nothyng see.

A Iest of a Iester.

A Scoffer fine was wont somtime,
in iest to euery wight:
Still to rehearse Menalcas verse,
(of whom doth Maro write.)
Ile make that none with talkyng tongue,
henceforth thou shalt abuse:
This verse of Vergil still in sport,
and Iesting he would vse.
But so it chaunced at the last,
for many a knauishe parte:
He was compeld by thrytlyng cord,
of death to byde the smart.
And brought to place where he should bide,
the pinching pangs of death:
The halter tide, the hangman hoist
prepard to stop his breath.
The hangman puttyng ore his head,
the halter as they vse:
Said: Ile make that none by talkyng tongue
henceforth thou shalt abuse.

ANGE-

ANGERIANVS.

To the Rose.

THou Rose so faire doest quickly fade,
so foyme fades quickly sure:
Then thou faire Rose, & beautie haue
a like tyme doe endure.

To his Image.

MY portrature so liuely wrought,
tell me who fashioned thee?
How passyng right resemblest thou,
the countenaunce of me.
Thou lookest pale, pale eke looke I:
thou blinde, I also blinde:
(Aye me) no mynde hast thou at all,
I likewise haue no minde.
No life hast thou, no life haue I:
thou dumbe canst nothyng speake,
(Aye me) my tongue ne talkes at all,
I dumbe and speachlesse eake.
No harte doeth harber in thy breast,
I hartlesse am againe:
Thou bidest vnaccompanied,
so likewise I remaine:
Of fadyng paper thou compacte,

that quickly doeth decaie:
My bodie eke but brittle barke,
vnstedfast still doeth staie.
Thou as a shadowe of my corps,
enduerst but little tyme:
A fadyng shadowe followes still
likewise the corps of myne.
Thou feble, sone doest fade and faile:
long maie not I remaine:
To duste and pouder thou must packe,
and so must I againe.
Bothe like as like maie be, but thou
livst merrier farre then I:
Thou livst and lovste not, loue makes me
a wretche to liue perdie.

Of his loue Cælia.

THe fire doeth tame the iron harde,
harde flinte the waters pearce:
Warme bloud doeth breake the Adamant,
as sundrie bookes rehearse:
But she whom I doe serue (more harde:
then these repeted three)
Then Iron, Flint, or Adamant,
more rockie harde is she.
For ne my fire that burnes in breast,
ne teares from eyes that fall,
Nor spinnyng bloud from sanguine vaines,
maie make her rue her thrall.

Of Ioue.

A Swanne, a Bull, a Satyre wood,
and golde, was Ioue aboue:
For L. for E. for A. and D.
with whom he was in loue.

To the Reader.

ALthough not thee, I please my self,
thou reader maiest be gone:
Sufficient if the writers wordes,
doe please hym self alone.

Of hym self.

THou laughst, thou lowrst (both glad & sad)
thou bothe doest rest, and raynge:
Suche is the life a louer leads,
thou lovste, tis nothyng straynge.

IOANNES SECVNDVS.

Three Euills.

WHiche are three ills that mischefe men,
to know dost thou desire?
Haue here in few my frend expresst,
the Fem, the Flud, the Fire.

The riche old man, of hym selfe.

WHen yong I was, then poore I was:
now in my latter dayes,

With riches I abound: (ay mee)
vnhappie wretche both wayes.
When as I knewe some vse of goods,
I wanted euermore:
And now I know no vse of goods,
of goods I haue great store.

Of a Dwarfe.

A Dwarfe vppon a Pismyers backe
did get hym vp to ride:
He deemd a tamed Oliphante
he did as then bestride.
But while he did aduaunce hymselfe
to holde vppon his backe,
He tumbled downe, and had a fall
that made his guts crie quacke.
When as the Dwarfe was thus vnhorst,
each laught, both great and small:
Why laugh you masters quoth the dwarfe:
what? Phaëton had a fall.

Loue is vncurable.

AN hearb is found each hurte to helpe:
all soares haue salues we see:
Alone the wound that Cupid giues
can neuer cured be.

SIMON VALLAMBERTVS AVALON.

To a couetous old Carle.

ALthough thy hoȝie ſiluer heares,
as white as Lillies ſhowe:
Although thou Pylius paſſe in yeares,
that liued long ago:
Although ẏ teeth (whiche thou haſt bought)
noȝ cruſt can eate noȝ crumme:
Although vnto the bȝinke thou art
of Stygian boate now come:
Yet naytheles whole Coffers cramd
with coine, thou ſtill doſt craue:
And bags byg bolne with mony muche
thou ſtill deſirſt to haue.
O dotyng ſire, theſe heapes of coine
requires not Charon fell:
One ſilly pennie foȝ his fare
contenteth Charon well.

Of Codrus.

INto a pȝincely Pallace pȝoude
(built bȝaue with Marble ſtone)
With ragged tattered toȝne attire
pooȝe Codrus would haue gonne.

So nakt (quoth one) ye come not here:
quoth Codrus no, and why?
The gods are nakt, and none but nakt
must go to heauen perdie.

To Pansophus.

THough Pansophus thou pleasest none
no maruell tis, and why?
Thou pleasest ouermuch thy selfe
proud Pansophus perdy.

To a Niggarde.

ALL thyng is dere thou saist,
wine, victayl, corne, and graine:
Yet miser vile well stored thou
with all thyng dost remaine.
So thou to no man deere,
selst deere vnto the poore:
Alacke thou saist all things are deere,
deere must I sell therefore.
Ah, sell thou miser as thou maist
and shunne thou Vsury:
Charus. So shalt thou be to all men deere
Carus. and dere to none perdie.

To a backbiter that was balde.

BAldsconse, I nothyng haue
vnto thee for to say:
But sure I laude thy locks wyich are
gone from thy hed away.

To

To Achilles Combanus.

BRight Glory raungyng here and there,
to seeke the shinyng bowze
Where Vertue dwelt, hapt on thy house,
of Vertue fragrant flower.
And so when Glory did perceaue,
that Vertue dwelt with thee:
Here will I rest (quoth he) thy guest,
I will Combanus be.

OVT OF GREEK EPIGRAMMES.

How to vſe riches.

VSe riches thoſe thou haſte,
as though thou ſhouldeſt die:
Again as though thou ſhouldeſt liue,
thy goods ſpende ſparynglie.
A prudent man is he,
whiche this conſideyng well:
Doeth ſtill obſerue and keepe the meane,
whiche all thyng doeth excell.

Againſt riot.

GReate ſtore of houſes for to builde,
greate ſtore of men to feede:
To come to pinyng penurie,
the verie pathe in deede.

Mannes miſerie.

I Wept when I was borne,
and now at point of death
I likewiſe weepe, and weepe I ſhall
while bodie beareth breath.
O wretched mortall man,
weake, wofull, penſiue, ſad:
Come life or death (thou liu'ſt a wretche)
no comfort to be had.

Wiuyng

Wiuyng twiſe.

HIs firſt wife dedde (and laied in graue)
who doeth a ſeconde take:
To trie the ſeas againe, hym ſelf
a ſhipman he doeth make.

Wedlocke.

VIrginitie ſurpaſſeth: yet
if all ſhould virgines be,
Our life were vaine, and none for to
ſuccede vs ſhould we ſee.
Take therefore thou a wife,
and when that thou doeſt dye
Leaue to the worlde and thee an heire,
and ſhunne adulterie.

Of a Thracian lad.

A Thracian boye well tipled all the daie,
Upõ a frozen fyning did ſport and plaie:
The ſlipper Ice with hefte of bodies ſwaie,
On ſodaine brake, and ſwapt his hed awaie:
That ſwam alofte, belowe the carkas laie.
The mother came and bare the heade awaie:
When ſhe did burie it, thus gan ſhe ſaie,
This brought I forth, in flame his heirce to haue,
The reſt amids ẏ flood to find a graue.

Pittie and compaſſion.

A Fiſher fiſhyng on the ſhore,
with anglyng pole in hande:

By

By hap a dedmans drowned scalpe,
drue vp vnto the lande:
With dierie looke when long he had
beheldе the sconse he founde,
(With pittie prickt) he tooke it vp
to graue it in the grounde.
By Diggyng deepe it was his hap,
a hoorde of golde to finde:
Lo neuer vnrequited goes,
compassion curtuous kinde.

To Orestes preparyng to
kill his mother.

WHere shouldst thou in thy swoorde through
or pap so tender soft: (panche,
The belliе bredde and brought thee forthe,
the pappe did feede thee oft.

A prouerbe.

BEtwene thy vpper lip,
and of the cup the brinke:
Doe many thyngs fall out,
the whiche thou wouldst not thinke.

How death is hastened.

WHoso he be that lothyng life,
desireth soone to die:
Three things must folowe (which are these)
Baines, wine, and Uenerie.

Three

Three thynges bothe hurt and helpe.

BAines, women, wine: these three
doe shorten life certaine:
Baines, women, wine: these three
doe lengthen life againe.

Nothyng hid from God.

THou Caitiffe though thou doe conceale,
thy crimes from men belowe:
Yet them to God thou must reueale,
whether thou wilt or no.

Fayned frendship.

NOt he so muche annoyes and hurtes
that saies I am thy foe:
As he that beares a hatefull harte,
and is a frende to showe.
Warnde of my foe, I shunne my foe:
but how should I take heede
Of hym that faines hymself my frende,
when as he hates in deede?
Moste sure a wretched foe is he,
whiche frendship firme doeth faine:
And sekes by all the shifts he can,
his frende to put to paine.

To muche brynges lothsomnesse.

TO muche of any thyng is naughe:
yea alwaies proue you shall

That

That to muche euen of hunny hurts,
and bitter ſeemes as gall.

Againſt ſtepdames.

TO decke his ſtepdames tõbe with flowers
and garlandes, comes the ſonne:
Sure thinkyng now (that with her life)
her hatred had been doon.
The tombe downe totteryng on hym falles,
and killes hym by and by:
Loe liueleſſe toumbs of ſtepdames curſt,
learne cankred crueltie.

Of the contempt of Fortune.

MY reſtyng rode is founde,
vaine hope and hap adue:
Loute whom you liſte with chaunge,
Death ſhall me rid from you.

A controuerſie betwene Fortune and Venus.

WHile Fiſher fiſht at waters ſide,
for fiſhe that there did ſwim:
A riche mans daughter hym behelde,
and fell in loue with hym.
So that ſhe linkt with hym to liue,
now he that was before
Baſe, barren, bare, and beggarlike,
doeth now abounde with ſtore.

Dame

Dame Fortue by ſmilyng gan ſaie,
I praie you whiche of vs
Now miſtres Venus (you or I)
was cauſe this hapned thus.

Otherwiſe

WHile Fiſher caſte his line,
the houeryng fiſhe to hooke:
By hap a riche mans daughter on
the Fiſher caſte her looke.
She fride with franticke loue,
thei married eke at laſt:
Thus Fiſher was from lowe eſtate,
in top of treaſure plaſt.
Stoode Fortune by, and ſmilde:
how ſaie you (dame) quoth ſhe,
To Venus? was this conqueſt yours,
or is it due to me?

The ſeuen ſages names, ſaiynges, and countryes, in ſeuen verſes.

THe Cittyes 7. whereas the 7. wiſe maſters rare (declare.
VVere borne, their names, and ſaiyngs 7. 7. verſes ſhall
Cleobulus of Lindia ſaid, a meane doth all excell.
VViſe Pittacus of Mittelen, ſaid, meaſure beares the bell.
Chilon of Lacedemon ſaid, take heede thy ſelfe to know.
Of Corinth Periander ſaid, to anger be thou ſlowe.
Sage Solon the Athenian ſaid, for ay reſpect the ende.
VViſe Thales of Mileſium ſaid, nought promiſe to thy frende.
Laſt, Bias of Priænium ſaid, all thinges to miſchefe bende.

The report of the multitude not to be regarded.

Solace

SDlace and comfort thou thy selfe:
nought peoples talke esteeme:
One man deemes well of thee, of thee
an other ill doth deeme.

Or thus.

SDlace and comfort thou thy selfe,
care nought what people prattle:
This man talkes well with thee, that man
against thee still doth tattle.

Of a foole.

THe friskyng flees ỳ feed on flesh by night,
a foole in bed, did trouble, twinge & bite:
The foole put out the candle: nay (quoth he)
Ile match ye, now no more you shall me see.

Of a fooliſh Aſtronomer.

WHile Thales looked round about,
to vew the ſtarres in ſkie,
He hedlong fell into a ditche:
and there did grouelyng lye.
A beldam commyng after hym
beheld hym how he fell,
A countrie wife that went to fetche
faire water at a well.
When as ſhe came vnto the ditche
where lurden like he lay
She mockt hym: and with tremblyng voyce
ſhe

she thus began to say.
Fie foolish fealow as thou art,
why dost thou vew the skie?
Why staarst on Starres that stacely stand
and lettst mean matters lye?
The fates of other men to showe
I deeme thee farre vnmeete,
When buzzard blynd thou canst not see
what is before thy feete.

When Women profite.

ALthough all women kinde be naught,
yet two good dayes hath she:
Her marriage day, and day of death
when all she leaues to thee.

Of Castors Nose.

WHen Castor diggs, a spade
his Nose is vnto hym:
A Trumpet when he sleepes:
a Sithe and Sickle trim
When as he gathers grapes:
an Anker when he sailes:
A Culter when he plowes
that cuts and neuer failes:
When as he taketh fishe
a fishhooke all the while:
And when he would haue flesh
his Nose a flesh hooke vile:

When

When as he graues in wood,
a grauyng knife: and when
He pzunes and dzeſſeth trees
a graffyng knife as then:
A chipaxe, looke when as
the Carpenter he plaies:
A paſſyng picklock, when
to open lockes he ſaies.
And what ſo Caſtor doth,
he can not miſſe his ſnoute:
His noſe muſt be the toole,
his woozke to bzyng aboute.

Of a foule wife.

THe wzetche that married hath,
a dowd, an ougly dame:
Shall ſtill haue night, though day be bzight,
and firie Phœbus flame.

To one, hauyng a long noſe.

STand with thy ſnoute againſt the ſunne,
and open wide thy chaps:
And by thy teeth we ſhall decerne,
what tis a clocke, perhaps.

Of a deaf Iudge, a deaf plaintife, and
a deaf defendant.

BY hap a man that could not heare
that bozne was deafe by kinde,

Another

Another cited to the court,
much like hymſelfe to finde,
Whoſe hearyng ſenſe was quight bereft:
the Iudge that of the caſe
Should giue his verdit, was as deafe
as deafeſt in the place.
To court they came: the plaintiffe prayd
to haue his vnpaied rent:
Defendant ſaid, in grindyng I
this werie night haue ſpent.
The Iudge beheld them both awhile,
is this (at laſt quoth he)
Of all your ſturred ſtrife the cauſe:
you both her children be.
And therefore her to helpe and ayde
looke that you both agree.

Of Marcus a ſluggard.

MArcus a ſluggard ſleepyng, dreamd
a long race that he rund:
For feare he ſo ſhould dreame againe,
long after ſlepe he ſhund.

Againſt one very deformed.

TO paint the minde tis counted hard,
the corps to paint tis light:
But now in thee ſo foule deformd,
it falles contrarie quight.
For nature thine doth plaine bewraie,

the manners of thy mynde:
And therefore how thy mynde is bent,
but easie tis to finde.
But now thy foule misshapen limmes,
how may they painted be?
And portraid out? when euery man
doth loth to looke on thee.

Against a drunkerd.

WIth sweet perfumes, & flowers, my graue
doe you not gratifie:
Wine, fires, vppon a stone to spend,
tis cost in vaine perdie.
Aliue giue you mee these, not dead:
with ashes wine to minge,
What is it worter but to make,
not wine to mee to bringe.

Of drunkennesse.

LIke men we still are meeke, at night,
when we haue tipled well:
But when we rise at morne athurst,
then are we fearce and fell.

Otherwise.

AT night when ale is in,
like frends we part to bed:
In morrowe graie when ale is out,
then hatred is in head.

Againe

Againe of the ſame.

MEn hauyng quaft,
are frendly ouernight:
In dawning, dyie,
A man to man a ſpyite.

Againſt a miſer.

ALL call thee riche, I call thee pooze,
goods make not riche perdie:
This pzudent Apollophanes,
could tell as well as I.
If thou thy riches vſe thy ſelf,
thy riches thyne are then:
But if thou ſaue them foz thyne heire,
thei are foz other men.

Of Chriſalus couetous.

RIche Chriſalus at point of death,
doeth mourne, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he ſo lothe,
to leaue his life and die.
Not foz becauſe he dies hymſelf,
his death he doeth not foyce:
But that his graue muſt coſt a grote,
to ſhzoude his carrion coyſe.

Of a riche miſer.

A Miſers mynde thou haſte,
thou haſt a pzinces pelfe:

Whiche makes thee wealthie to thine heire,
a beggar to thy ſelf.

Of Aulus, *Auarus.*

RIche Aulus countyng what a charge,
his daughter was to hym:
Did throwe her in the ſea, to ſee
where ſhe could ſincke or ſwim.

The ſame otherwiſe.

AVlus daughter twentie ſhillings charge,
eche yere was vnto hym:
He drownde her: aſkt wherefore:
he ſaied ſhe would vndoe hym.

Of Aſclepiades, a greedie carle.

ASclepiad that gredie carle,
by fortune founde a Mouſe:
(As he about his lodgyng lookt)
within his niggiſhe houſe.
The chidyng chuffe began to chafe,
and (ſparefull of his chere:)
Demaunded of the ſelie beaſt,
and ſaied, what makſt thou here?
You needе not ſtande in feare (good frende)
the ſmilyng Mouſe replide:
I come not to deuour your cates,
but in your houſe to bide.

A long beard makes not a Philoſopher.

IF ſo a long downe dangling beard,
doe make a prudent man:
The bearded beaſt that hights the Gote,
maie bee a Plato than.

To one lame and loutiſhe.

THy lyms are lame, ſo is thy mynde:
thy outward forme bewraies
Thy properties, how inwardly
thou art diſpoſde alwaies.

Caſſander his Epitaphe.

SIth that a mortall borne thou art,
in daunger ſtill to die:
Accompt of naught as though thou ſhouldſt,
liue here continuallie.
For all muſt packe: of ſlipperie life,
vncertaine is the ſtaie,
Death will vs by the ſhoulders ſhake,
no helpe, we muſt obaye.
Caſſander here lies reſte of life,
faſte graſped in his graue:
Yet for his wiſedome he deſerude,
for euer life to haue.

Timocritus his Epitaphe.

TImocritus a warriar ſtoute,
Loe, lies engraued here:

Mars ſpares not valiaunt champions ſtoute,
But daſtards that doe feare.

Ariſtomenes.

THou meſſenger to Ioue on high,
thou Egle ſwift of flight:
On Ariſtomenes his toumbe,
declare why doeſt thou light?
By this I giue to vnderſtande,
that as all birds I paſſe:
So he did all men farre ſurmount,
while here a liue he was.
The fearfull Doues doe haunt the toombes
whiche hartleſſe daſtards hide:
But where are buried champions bolde,
I loue for to abide.

Calimachus.

THe frounyng fates haue taken hence
Calimachus, a childe
Fiue yeres of age: ah well is he
from cruell care exilde:
What though he liud but little tyme,
waile nought for that at all:
For as his yeres not many were,
ſo were his troubles ſmall.

Olde age longed for, yet lothed.

ECho one doeth ſeeke and wiſhe for age,
all while it is awaie:

And

And fewe doe come for to be olde,
whiche for olde age doe praie.
When age yet comes, eche doeth it lothe,
and all doe it deteſt:
So ſtill we lothe our preſent ſtate,
deming the abſent beſt.

Death euerywhere.

HEre buried lies a Mariner:
and here a Corridon:
So on the ſea, and one the lande,
death riddeth, all is one.

It matters not where
a man dye.

IT makes no matter where thou die:
the waie to heauen on hie
From euery countrey is a like,
be it farre of, or nie.

Liuyng on the Seas.

SHunne thou the ſeas, whiche breede vneaſe,
and quiet liue on lande:
If thou deſire in happie healthe,
to floriſhe long and ſtande.
Long life the lande doeth alwaies lende,
the ſeas make ſhorte our yeres:
Upon the ſeas are ſeldome ſeen,
olde men with hoarie heares.

Of Diogenes.

A Sachell and a ſtaiyng ſtaffe,
an homelie mantell: theſe
Were acceptable to the life,
of wiſe Diogenes.

Opinion.

GReate force in thyngs Opinion hath,
thou curteous art in deede:
What then? if otherwiſe men thinke,
they ſurely will thee ſpeede,
As once the men of Crete vnkinde,
did Philolaus ſlaie:
Becauſe they falſly demde and thought,
he would the tyraunt plaie.

Epictetus.

My name did Epictetus hight,
a bonde-man borne was I:
In bodie lame, as Irus poore,
a frende to Gods on hie.

To Gabriel.

A Painter painted Phaëton,
he painted eke the Sunne:
But no light could the Painter paint,
when all was made and doon.
Like ſo renouned Gabriel,
a Painter painted trim

Thy

Thy face and visage, but thy mynde
could not be made by hym.

Myrons Cowe.

THe Cowe of brasse that Myron made,
(by arte and cunnyng skill)
If entrailes she had had, she would
haue loowde bothe loude and shrill.

Venus to Praxiteles.

KYng Priams sonne, Anchises eke,
with my Adonis dere
Behelde me nakt, these onely three:
Praxiteles but where?

Of Venus in armour.

WHy hast thou Venus tell,
God Mars his armour on?
Suche boisterous stuffe why doest thou put,
thy tender corps vppon?
Mars mightie thou dydst conquer quight,
starke naked, stripped cleane:
To come to men, thus armed then,
I muse what doest thou meane.

Of Cinyras a Fisher.

VNto the Nimphes olde Cinyras,
hath dedicate his Nette:
To beate the brookes and firke the fishe,

old age now doeth hym lette.
Wherefore you fishes sport your selues,
and through the waters skimme:
For now that Cinyras is doone,
you safe in seas maie swimme.

Biton.

BIton all vnderneth this tree,
three guiftes doeth offer here:
To Pan a Goate, flowees to the Nimphes,
to Bacchus God a spere.
Ye Gods accept them thankfullie.
and make to prospere still
His cattell Pan, his waters Nimphes,
Bacchus his grounde to till.

Of Alcon an Archer.

A'Sire that Alcon hight,
beheldc his sonne embrast
Of Serpent readie to bee rent:
he tooke his bowe in hast,
And shotte with cunnyng skill so straite,
that he the Serpent kilde:
And savde his selie childe, whiche els
the scrawlyng Snake had spilde.
Thus when the Snake was slaine, his sonne
eke saued from annoye:
Ye hunge his quiuer on a bough,

reuivde

reuiude with double ioye.

Timon his Epitaphe.

My wretched caitiffe daies,
Expired now and past:
My carren corps entered here,
Is graspt in grounde:
In welteryng waues of swel-
lyng seas by sourges caste:
My name if thou desire,
the Gods thee doe confounde.

THEODORVS BEZA VEZELIVS.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of William Budæus, *an excellent learned man of our tyme*, who died at Paris in Fraunce. Anno. M. D. XL. XII. Cal. Septemb.

BVDÆVS onely one alone,
(of wondrous arte and skill)
Hath made the earth, the heauens, & (men
beholden to hym still.
To haughtie heauens he hath bequethd
his soule: his corps to ground:
And vnto vs he hath bequethd
his worthy workes profound.
So poore from hence he did depart,
for naught he left hymselfe:
But better far this pouertie
perdie, then worldly pelfe.

An other Epitaphe of the same Budæus.

ALL men bewaild Budæus death,
the ayre did also mone:
The brawlyng brookes eke wept, because
Budæus good was gone.
So men did waile, that euery where,
were papers printed seen

Of

Of Verſes, Threnes and Epitaphes,
full fraught with teares of teene.
From ayre ſo dropt the rayny teares,
that ſhed was euery ſhower:
So that no drop remaynd behind,
vppon the earth to powr.
So wept the waters, that wheras
before were Barges borne:
There now might whirling wagons runne:
to duſt the waues were worne.
Now heauen and earth remaines behinde,
theſe two alone except:
There nothyng was in all the world,
but for Budæus wept.
But ſith the heauens poſſes his ſoule,
(and ſtill poſſes it ſhall)
The earth his corps, what cauſe haue they,
wherefore to weepe at all?

An Epitaphe vppon the death of Katharina Texea.

WHo lieth lodged here belowe, (knowe:
perchaunce thou reader faine wouldſt
And I my ſelfe would gladly tell,
but that her name I know not well.
And maruell none at all though I,
am thereof ignorant perdie:
For who moſt learned are of all,

wot

wot not her name what they ſhould call.
For if by corps ſuppoſd may be
her ſeex, then ſure a virgin ſhe:
But ſure I wot not ponderyng all,
how I woman may her call.
For why: nor fear, nor greef, could make
her ſturdy ſtomake ſtoute to quake.
She miſbehavd her ſelf in nought,
she freely ſpake what ſo she thought.
And when that ſilence beſt beſeemd,
then none then she more ſilent deemd.
She neuer she, held dauncing deere:
she neuer deckt nor tuft her heere:
She neuer vſed paintyng dye:
she neuer vſd to role her eye:
No wanton word would she put out:
therefore she was a man no dout.
Yet ſure she was no man I know,
I not why I ſhould name her ſo.
Such heauenly hue ſuche bewty haue,
we neuer ſaw yet man to haue.
Both man and woman then was she:
nay that agen may no wayes be.
I haue already proued this,
that she ne man nor woman is.
A goddeſſe then neades muſt she be,
or els a new Minerua she:
And though she be a Lady bright,

yet

yet hath she hart and manly might.
Yet Pallas crueltie is knowen,
eak vice of gods abroad is blowen.
Wherefore of force we must suppose,
that this same Tomb doth here inclose
Such one as euery state did staine:
men, women, gods aloft that raigne.

Written vppon the graue of ANTON. PRAT. (chefe Chaunceler of FRAVNCE) which was a grosse great Gorbely.

A GREAT MAN here engraued lyes.

Of Titus Liuius.

FOr Liuie late a Tombe I gan ordaine,
what meanest thou Apollo said, refraine:
Such maner things become the dead (q he)
but Liuie liues, and still aliue shalbe.

To Cl. Marotus.

APelles learned hand, so fine
did paint fair Venus Queene:
That euery one suspos'd that he,
had Venus bewd and seen.
But workes of thine Marotus lewd,
of Venus sauour so:
That euery one sure deemes, that thou
dost all of Venus know.

A preſent to Truchius and Dampetrus.

FIrme faſt vnfained faithfull frends,
haue vſd (and vſe alway)
Eache one the other to preſent
with guifts on Newyeares day.
A Cuſtome Laudable it is,
at euery newyeres tyde
Old loue with guifts for to renew,
that frendſhip faſt may byde.
Now ſith my Truchius truſtie true
thou takſt me for thy frend:
And ſith my dere Dampetrus eke
his likyng me doth Lend.
(Accordyng vnto auncient guiſe)
I ſend vnto you here
A preſent ſmall: and what though ſmall?
yet fit it ſhall appeare.
You both are Poets: to you both
I verſes ſende to vew:
I verſes ſend in token of
the loue I bear to you.
Pure loue hath linkt you both in one,
and ſith you ioyned be:
One guift to ſend vnto you both,
it ſeemed beſt to mee.

Deſcription of vertue.

WHat one art ỹ thus in toyne weed yclad?
Uertue, in price of auncient ſages had:

Why

Why poorely raid? for hauyng goods past care:
why doble faast? I mark eth fortunes fare.
This bridle what? minds rages to restraine,
tooles why beer you? I loue to take great paine.
Why wings? I teach aboue y starres to flye,
why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Against a maidenly man.

FOr to be married yesterdaie,
To Churche a gallaunt ietted gaie;
His crisped locks wavde all behinde,
His tongue did lispe, his visage shinde.
His rouyng eyes rolde to and fro,
He fiskyng fine did mincyng go:
His lippes all painted semed sweete:
When as the Priest came them to meete,
(A pleasaunt scouse, though nought of life)
He askt of bothe whiche was thy wife?

Of a Painter, and a Baker.

A Painter and a Baker strivde,
whiche should the other passe
To paint or bake, twixt them to indge,
A Priest ordained was.
The Painter spake (quoth he) what so
the hugy worlde containes,
Or what so Nature woorkes, is wrought
by Painters arte and paines.
(Quoth Baker) this is more then that,

Chriſt whiche the worlde did frame
The Baker formes in figure fine,
that all maie ſee the ſame.
Quoth Painter then, thou makeſt Chriſts,
mennes bellies for to fill:
Thy Chriſtes are chriſt w crathing teeth,
my worke continues ſtill.
Quoth Baker then, what thou doeſt paint,
doeth no man good in deede:
What we doe forme it ſerues as foode,
the hungrie ſoule to feede.
Quoth Painter, Bakers bake their Gods,
mennes bellies for to fill:
Quoth Baker Painters paint their Gods,
for Wormes to gnawe and ſpill.
Then quoth the Judge, ho holla here,
ſufficient for this tyme:
About this waightie thyng to braule,
is ſure an hainous crime.
Bothe to your houſes now departe,
and ſtill in peace agree:
And Painter paint, and Baker bake,
your gods to bryng to me.

A ſportfull compariſon, betwene
Poets and Papiſts.

LO here the cauſe to Francis, why
Homerus I compare:

Lo

Lo here the cauſe wherefore I thinke,
that Monkes like Poets are.
Franciſcus could not ſee one whit,
and Homer he was blinde:
Homerus he was blinde of ſight,
Franciſcus blinde of minde.
Franciſcus was a begger bare,
no bigger Homer was:
Bare beggers bothe, their tyme thei did
in merrie ſyngyng paſſe.
Franciſcus filde the worlde with lyes,
lyes likewiſe Homer taught:
Franciſcus by his bretheren,
Homer by bookes he waught.
In ſecret woods and glomie groues,
firſt Poets led their liues:
In dampiſhe denues and deſarts ded,
Monks libde without their wiues.
Eche toune with Munkes was peſtered,
when woods at laſt thei left:
With Poets euery cittie ſwarmde,
thei could not thence be reft.
Still Poets ſyng: and moppinne Munkes,
ſyng likewiſe daie and night:
And none ſo muche as thei them ſelues,
doe in their ſonges delight.
Eche Poet hath his wanton wenche,
to dandle all the daie:

For feare of failyng euery Munke,
hath fowre to kepe hym plaie.
The Poet lauds (and likes of life)
full cuppes whiche flowe and fwym:
The Munke if he his licker lacke,
all goes not well with hym.
The Poet with his luryng Lute,
his Sonets syngeth shrill:
The Monke with pot fast by his side,
his carroles chaunteth still.
With diuers Furies bothe are vext:
the Poet beares a speare
With Iuie deckt: the malkyng Munke
a golden crosse doeth beare.
The Poets croune is drest with Baies,
and mirtle braunches braue:
White shinyng shitten shauen crounes,
the Popishe prelats haue.
For fine, to Munke giue Poetrie,
to Poet giue the whood:
And so thou shalt make bothe of them,
right Munkes, and Poets good.

Against stepdames.

A Striplyng went with scourge in hande,
Whereas the portracture did stande
Of stepdame his: in rage anone
He fell to beatyng of the stone.

The

The stone downe on hym tattereth,
And vnto death hym battereth:
Thou sonne in lawe take hede, and see
To stepdame thyne, though dead she bee.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of Ihon Caluin, poorely and plainly enterred at Geneua.

THe terrour of the Romishe route,
doeth lye engraued here:
Whose losse all good men waile, of whom
the wicked stoode in feare.
Of whom euen Vertue fayre her self,
might vertue learne: now why
So grosly grawde doest reader aske
doeth learned CALVIN lye?
While Caluin liude, dame Modestie
did hym associate still:
And she her self here placed hym,
when Death did Caluin kill.
O blessed graue that doest enclose,
a guest so godlie graue:
Thou doest surpasse the Marble toumbs
and kynges sepulchers brauc.

Againe vppon the death of Ihon Caluin

WHile Caluin thou didst liue, aliue
I likewise lovd to be:

Ay me how I could like of life,
to leaue now life with thee.
My life I lothe, and yet I loue
to liue, alone for this:
That I may weep and waill for thee,
whom I so sore do misse.
Ah Beza liue to wepe and waile,
to wepe and waile at full
Caluinus Death, ah farewel frend,
Adue, now ded and dull.
Untill in sweet Celestiall cost,
we bothe shall meet againe
In teares, in teen, in mourning mone,
shall dolefull Beze remaine.

Martino Luthero, antichristi Romani domitori Trophæum.

ROme conquerd all the woꝛld, and Rome
the Pope did conquer quight:
Rome conquerd al by frollick foꝛce,
the Pope by subtile slight.
But Lerned Luther Champion stoute,
how far doth he both twayn
Surmount, who with his seely pen
to yeld doth both constraine.
Now go to Greece, bꝛag til thou burst
of stout Alcides thine:
Naught is his battering club, compard
to Luthers pen deuine.

THO-

THOMAS MORVS.

Of an Astrologer, *That was a Cuckold.*

TO thee thou ayrie Prophet, all
the starres them selues do show:
And do declare what destinies,
al men shal haue belowe.
But no starres (though they al things se)
admonishe thee of this,
That thy wife doth with euery man,
behaue her selfe amisse.
Saturnus stands far of, men say
that he long since was blinde,
And scantly could decern a child
and from a stone him finde.
Fayr Luna goes with shamfast eye,
A virgin naught will see
But such thinges as beseme a maid,
and lightnes all will flee.
Ioue to Europa gaue his hart:
To Mars did Venus cleaue:
And Mars agayne did Venus serue:
Sol would not Daphne leaue
His loue: and Mercury did call
to minde his Hyrce deer:
Hereof it comes to passe, oh thou

vnwise Astrologere,
That when thy wife delighted is
with lusty yonkers loue:
Thereof do nothing notifie
to thee the starres aboue.

Of Beuty. *Dilemma.*

IN faith what beutie haue auailes,
at all I nothyng see:
If thou be feruent, hot, each dowd
seemes fayre and fresh to thee:
If thou be out of courage, cold,
the loueliest lothsum be:
In faith what bewty haue auailes,
at all I nothyng see.

Against Wiuyng.

A Misery to marry still,
thus euery one doth say:
Thus say they still, yet wittingly
we wiuyng see each day.
Yea though one bury fyre, yet he
from wiuyng will not staye,

Againe of wiues.

GReefes greuous wiues are vnto men,
yet gladsome shall we finde them
And louyng: if so leuyng vs,
they leaue their goods behind them.

And

Of a Picture liuely described.

SO well this table doth expresse,
the countenaunce of thee:
As sure it seemes no table, but
a glasse thy selfe to see.

Of a Niggard departing this life.

RIch Chrysalus at point of death,
doth mone, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he so loth
to leaue his life and dye.
Not for because he dyes, he cryes,
his death he doth not force:
This cuttes, his graue must cost a groate,
to shrowde his carrion corse.

The difference betwene a King and
a Tyrant.

BEtwene a Tyraunt and a Kyng,
would you the difference haue?
The Kyng each Subiect counts his child,
the Tyraunt eache his slaue.

A Tyrant in slepe, naught differeth from
a common person.

DOst therefore swell and powt with pride,
and rear thy snout on hie:
Because the crowd doth crouch and couch,
wherso thou commest by:

Because the people bonnetles
before thee still do stand:
Because the life and death doth lye
of diuers in thy hand?
But when that drousie sleepe of thee,
hath euery part possest:
Tell then where is thy pompe and pride,
thy porte and all the rest?
Then snorting lozzell as thou art,
then lyest thou like a block:
Or as a carrion corps late dead,
as senceless as a stock.
And if it were not that thou wert,
clos'd vp in walles of stone
And fenced round, thy life would be
in hands of euery one.

Of a good Prince and an euill.

A Good prince what? the dog that keepes
his flocke aye safe in reste,
And hunts the Wolfe awaie: an ill:
hym self the rauenyng beaste.

Of a Theef and a Lawier.

A Theef ycleped Clepticus,
that did from one purloine:
Fearyng to be condemde, a pace
his Lawier fed with coine.
When Lawier his had turnd his bookes,

and

and red bothe night and daie:
He hoopt he tolde hym he should scape,
if he could run his waie.

A ridiculous pranke of a Priest.

A Certaine guest the goblet clenzde
from flies, before he dranke:
And hauyng dzunke, he calde againe
the flies in goblet franke.
And tolde the cause why so he did,
no flies quoth he lone I:
But whether you them loue or not,
I can not saie perdie.

Of a waterspaniell.

A Dog that had a Ducke in mouthe,
an other gapt to catche:
So loste he that he had, and that
whereafter he did snatche.
The churlishe chuffe that hath enough,
and sekes an others pelfe:
Doeth oftentymes, and worthely,
lose that he hath hym selfe.

A Cur by a crib, a couetous miser.

THe cur that couchyng kepes the crib,
hym selfe doeth eate no haie:
Ne letts the hungrie horse, that fayne
thereon would feede and praie.

The

The Carle (like to the cruell Cur)
that plentie hath of pelfe:
Imparts no parte to other men,
nor spends vpon hym self.

Of a Beggar, bearyng hym
self for a Phisition.

YOu Medicus your self doe terme,
but more you are saie I:
Mendicus. One letter more then Medicus,
your name it hath perdy.

Of a dishonest wife.

OF children fruitfull, fruitfull, is
Aratus wife perdie:
For children three she brought hym forthe
and with hym did not lye.

To one whose wife was
naught at home.

AT home a naughtie wife thou hast,
if towards her thou be curst,
Then worse is she: if curtuous,
of all then is she worst.
Good will she bee if so she dye,
but better if she dye,
And thou suruiue: but best of all,
if heuce in haste she hye.

Of Tyndarus.

A Wight whose name was Tyndar, would
haue kist a prettie lasse:
Her nose was long: (and Tyndar he
a flouting fellowe was.)
Wherefore vnto her thus he saied,
I can not kisse you, sweete:
Your nose stands out so farre, that sure
our lippes can neuer meete.
The maiden nipt thus by the nose,
straight blushe as red as fire:
and with his girde displeased, thus
she spake to hym in ire.
Quoth she, if that my nose doe let
your lippes from kissing myne:
You there maie kisse me where that I,
haue neither nose nor eyne.

To Sabinus: whose wife conceiued in his absence.

AN helpe and comfort to thy life,
and to the age of thyne:
A goodly childe is borne to thee,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Haste hye thee home to see thy wife,
the fruitfull wife of thine:
And eke thy blessed newe borne babe,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Haste hye thee home in poste poste haste,

thou

thou wilt be there in tyme:
Although thou hye thee nere so faste,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Thy wife doeth lye and long for thee,
thy brat doeth braule and whine:
Bsthe thinke thou tarriest ouerlong,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Thou canst not be vnwelcome home,
when that a child of thine
Is borne, naie gotten to thy hands,
haste hie thee home Sabine.
Haste haste I saie that yet at lest,
at sacred Fanc-deuine
Thou maiest see dipt thy dillyng deste,
haste hye thee home Sabine.

Of Fuscus a drunkerd.

A certaine man in phisicke skild,
to F. spake in this wise:
F. drinke not ouermuch (take heed)
for drinke will loose your eyes.
He paus'd vppon this sentence giuen,
and pondered what was spoke:
And when he had bethought hym, thus
at last his mind he broke.
I will by drinkyng loose myne eyes
quoth he, tis better so
Then for to keepe them for the worms
to gnaw them out below.

Of

Of a Kyng and a Clowne.

A Clowne in forrest fostered vp,
the Citty came to see:
Then forrest Faune, or Satyre wood,
more homely rude was he.
Muche people all the streates about,
together thick did throng:
And nothing but the kyng doth come,
they cried the street along.
The seely rustick halfe amazd,
to heare so straunge a crie:
Muche muzd, and tarried there to see,
what should be ment therby.
At last vppon a sodaine comes,
the kyng with sumptuous train:
All brane bedeckt with glitteryng gold,
he gorgeous did remaine
On comely courser hoisted hie:
now euery where the troude
With strained throates God saue the kyng
they crie, and crie alowde.
The king, the king, O where is he,
the Clowne, began to crie:
(Quoth one) with finger pointed out
lo where he sitts on hye.
Tush that is not the kyng quoth he,
thou art deceued quight:

That

That seemeth but a man to mee,
in painted vesture dight.

Of an vnlearned Bishop.

THe Letter killes, the Letter killes,
thus alwaies dost thou crie:
And nothyng saue the letter killes,
thou hast in mouth perdie.
But thou hast well prouided, that
no Letter thee shall kill:
For thou dost know no Letter, thou
in Letters hast no skill.

To one light minded.

IF that thou wert as light of foot,
as thou art light of mynd:
Thou wouldst outrun the lightest Hare
and make hym come behind.

A Iest of a Iackbragger.

A Country clounish Coridon,
did vse abroad to rome:
And kept a bragging Thrasos wife,
while he was gonne from home.
When as the Souldier was returnd,
and heard this of the Clowne:
He stampt and stard, and swore gogsnownes,
Ile beat the villen downe.
And went well weponed into feeld,

to ſeeke his fellow out:
At laſt by chaunce he did hym finde,
raingyng the feeld about.
Ho ſirra ſaid the ſoldier, ſtay:
you raſcall villen vile
I muſt you bob: the clowne did ſtay,
and tooke vp ſtones and Tyle.
Shaking his ſword the ſouldier ſayd,
you ſlaue you vſde my wife:
I did ſo ſaid the clowne, what then?
I loue her as my life.
O doe you then confeſſe ſaid he?
(by all the gods I ſwere)
If thou hadſt not confeſt the fact,
it ſhould haue coſt thee dere.

Againſt a Paraſite.

When Eutiches doth run a race,
he ſeemes to ſtand perdy:
But when he runnes vnto a feaſt,
then ſure he ſeemes to flye.

Againſt Chelonus.

Why doſt thou loth Chelonus ſo,
the name of lumpiſh aſſe?
The learned Lucius Appuley,
an aſſe he ſometyme was.
But thou doſt differ muche from hym,
(he had a learned head)

He was a golden asse perdy,
thou art an asse of Lead.
A manly mynd, and body of
an asse he had, we finde:
But thou a manlike body hast:
a doltishe asselike minde.

Of Sleep. The sentence of Aristotle

HAlfe of our life is spent in sleape:
in sleepe no difference is
Betweene the wealthy wight, and hym
that welth doth want and misse.
Now Cræsus thou riche caitiffe king,
though huge thy substau..ce were:
Yet Irus poore in halfe his life,
did like to thee appeere.

Desire of Dominion.

AMongest many kings,
skant one king shall you see
Content with kingdome one alone,
skant one, if one there be.
Amongest many kings,
skant one king shall you see
That rules one onely kingdome right,
skant one, if one there be.

Remedies, to take away a stinkyng breath occasioned by sundry meates.

TO kill the stink of lothsom leekes,
thou must cranch Dynions fast:

If thou wilt not of Dyntons stinke,
eate Garlike strong in tast.
If after thou of Garlike strong,
the sauour wilt expell:
A Mard is sure the onely meane,
to put away the smell.

IO. IOVIANVS PONTANVS.

Vppon the graue of a Begger.

WHile as I lyud no house I had,
now ded I haue a graue:
In life I liude in lothsume lacke,
now dead I nothyng craue.
In life I livde an exile pooze,
now death bryngs rest to me.
In life pooze naked soule vnclad,
now clad in cloddes ye see.

Vpon the Toumbe of Lucretia the daughter of Alexander. 6.

HEre lies Lucretia chast by name,
but Thais lewde by life:
Who was to Alexander Pope
bothe daughter, and his wife.

Of the infelcitie of Louers.

THe Grashopper in medowes grene,
among the fragrant flowers:

With chirpyng chearfull chitteryng shrill,
doeth passe the tedious howers.
And glads the goodly garnisht groues,
with laies and merrie tunes:
And slumberyng vnder dewie grasse,
the gladles night consumes.
She syngyng dies, and neuer feeles
the smart of Parcas knife:
In swete and heauenly harmonie,
she leads and leues her life.
O blest in life, and blest in death:
but me aye me alas:
Bothe daie & night through girt with greef,
my daies in dole I passe.
In Winter sharpe, in froste and snowe,
(a crooked caitiffe old)
I lye and crie before her doores,
quight curlde almoste with cold.
Againe in Sommer cingyng hotte,
when Phebus fierce doeth raigne:
Poore selie soule before her doores,
I (groueling) grone and plaine.
I burne in loue, age weares me out,
no daie I finde releef,
No night I rest: but daie and night
still gript with gronyng greef.
Aye wretched are the yonge in loue,
thrise wretched louyng sires:

The Grashopper still happie liues,
oh Cupids frantick fires.

GASPAR VRSINVS.

Of Thelesina.

SElde Thelesina doeth frequent
the Temples of the Priests:
And when she comes, she neuer but
a pissyng while persists.
Wouldst knowe the cause why Ponticus,
abroade she doeth not rome?
It is her vse these shauelyngs still,
with her to haue at home.

ANTONIVS GOVEANVS.

Of Briandus Vallius.

WHen rumblyng thũder thumps are heard in s
to saue hymself, all fearfull Vallius flies
Downe to some celler (where hymself he hides)
he thinkes in cellers neuer God abides.

A pretie prancke of a modest mayden.

ONe Furius would haue kist a maide:
she squaimish did appeare

And in a fume gaue Furius,
a whirret on the eare.
And therewith saied, goe kisse your hande,
to kisse if you delite:
Bothe hands and lippes are flesshe alike,
and bothe alike are white.

Of a Mounke.

A Sort of theeues had caught a Monke,
whereas thei robde in woode:
Thei bad hym preache, or yelde his purse,
in place whereas he stoode.
The Monke did yelde hymself to preache,
(he durst not disobaie:)
The theues were silent husht, and thus
the Monke began to saie.
The liues, the labours eke of theeues,
I must commende perdie:
The toile thei take, by lande and lake,
doth leade to loftie skie:
For Christ hym self by lande and sea,
did trauell farre and nere:
And neuer rested in one place,
as doeth by bookes appere.
So you my maisters roue and range
abroade from place to place:
Still still you walke your stations,
not restyng any space.

Chriſt neuer plowde the clottered ſoile,
nor vſed ſeede to ſowe:
Yet did he liue, and lacked naught:
you liue, and lacke you no:
What more vnto you ſhould I ſaie:
to iudgement brought was he:
And he condemned was to death,
ſo likewiſe you ſhall be.
Chriſt likewiſe he was fixt on croſſe,
and hangde in ſight of all:
And thinke you, you ſhall not be hangde?
yes truſt to it, you ſhall.
Among the goblins blacke of hell,
deſcended Chriſt belowe:
And you emong the griſly fiends,
to hell muſt likewiſe goe.
Chriſt beyng thence returnde againe,
on Gods right hande doeth ſitte:
But you ſhall neuer thence returne,
once plungde in Plutos pitte.

To Andreas Goueanus his brother.

I Brother, caught an Hare:
He fell to your ſhare:
Who caught this Hare declare:

Againe.

I Brother caught an Hare:
it fell to your lot

To eate hym: so an Hare I loste,
and so an Hare I got.

To Zebedeus.

NE woords of men, nor yet
the Senators decree:
Can make thee laie awaie thy beard,
so faire it seemes to thee.
The man whose beard hym noble makes,
he is not noble, he:
But who his beard nobilitates,
he noble seemes to mee.

CLAVDIVS ROSELETTVS.

A Lute of fir tree.

IN Forrest when I liud,
I had no sound nor voyce:
But made a Lute (with siluer sound)
mens hartes I do reioyce.

Against womens lightnes.

THe Plume, the Pumice stone, the ayre,
in lightnes doe surpasse:
The Plume, the Pumice stone, the ayre,
in lightnes women passe.

To Syluius, a louely lad but lewdly liued.

IN all thy body bewty shines,
thy forhed shineth fair:

Thy

Thy mouth doth shine, thy nose, thy chin,
thy glistering golden hayre.
But Syluius (as a stinking sinke)
thy brest is foule within:
Thy mynd is spotted, spatted, spilt,
thy soule is soyld with sinne.
Ah painted Toomb stuft full of stink:
more lothsum nought we finde
Than he that faire hath all thinges, saue
his manners and his mynd.

The Back.

She skirrying flittereth as a byrd,
and as a beast she goth
Fourfooted, and yet nether she
is counted of them both.
She feedes & breedes her yong with milke,
she layes ne hatches eggs:
Blacke lether wings, and teeth she hath,
twoo lipps, and also leggs.

To a towardly yong man.

ALthough the roote of Vertue seeme
bitter to thee in taste,
Yet doe not spit it out, the frute
shall pleasant be at last.

To a certaine Barber.

IF but to shaue my beard (alone)
I Peter sent for thee:

Together both of purſe and berd,
why haſt thou ſhauen mee?

Againſt a Churle or thankles perſon.

A Cuntry wight with pitty pyckt,
(as wyters earſt haue told)
Tooke vp a Snake rakt vp in ſnow,
quight curld almoſt with cold.
And plaſt hym in his boſom warme:
againe to life once brought,
He ſtrikes and ſtings the man to death,
that for hym ſo had wrought.
Unthankfull as thou art, euen ſo
thy frend thou doſt requite:
Thou givſt hym for a Pearch receavd,
a Scorpion that doth bite.

To a Theef.

Thy feete are ſlow, thy ſpeach is ſlow,
thy mynd and all is ſlow:
But ſure thy hands to filche and ſteal,
they be not ſlow I knowe.
When as thy filchyng fingers falſe,
to pick thou doth prepare:
Remember ſtill what punishments
for theeues ordayned are.

An Epitaphe, of an excellent Shipma-
ſter, or Pilote.

Neptune

NEptune on Sea, gaue luck to thee:
Mars made thee strong on land to be.
Now ioye thou hast (with loue on hye)
aboue the glisteryng golden skye.
Great once wast thou on sea and land,
now great in heuen where starres do stand.

CLAVDIVS CLAVDIANVS.

Of a Bore, and a Lion.

THe cruell Boze and Lyon curst,
together fierce did fight:
The Boze of bristles bragd, in maine
did lye the Lions might.
Mars one, the other Cibel laudes,
fightyng in bloudie bzoile:
Bothe kept on Moũtaines, bothe wer fotld
by Hercules his toyle.

Of a poore man in loue.

ME pinchyng penurie doeth paine,
and Cupid wounds my harte:
I hunger can abide, but not
of loue the bitter smarte.
I liue and lacke: I liue and loue:
want doeth men soze annoye:
But sozer muche the frantick flames,
of Cupid blinded boye.

IACO-

IACOBVS ROGERIVS.

Vnder Hercules painted spinnyng.

WHat byrdes not loue to passe?
what doeth not loue constraine?
It caus'd stoute Hercules to spinne,
by whom were monsters slaine.

Against the riche vnlearned, *out of Laertius.*

WHat tyme Diogines, a dolte
in purple did beholde:
I see (saied he) a selie shepe,
in fell and fleece of golde.

Of three Grecians, writers of Tragedies.

THree Grecian Poets tragicall,
did leaue their liues and dye
Moste straungely, as the storyes of
the Grecians testifie.
The firste ycleped Sophocles,
(as writers sundrie saie)
Was chockt with kurnell of a grape,
that in his throate did staie.
Euripides the seconde (that
from women did refraine)

By curſed hap with cruell curres,
was all to torne and ſlaine.
Now Æſchilus the thirde and laſte,
an Egle from an hye
Let fall a ſhell vppon his pate,
whiche kilde hym by and by.

GEORGIVS BVCHANANVS SCOTVS.

Of Rome.

NOthyng muſe a Shepheard doeth,
in Rome the ſcepter holde:
Sith that a Shepheard built the ſame,
(as ſundrie bookes haue tolde)
And ſith the founder of the ſame,
with Wouluiſhe milke was fedde:
I maruell nothyng I at all,
though Rome of Woulues be ſpedde.
But this me thinketh wondrous ſtraunge,
that ſafe a flocke ſhould reſt
In Rome wᵗ rauenyng murdryng woulues,
and neuer be oppreſt.

Againſt Pope Pius.

POpe Pius heauen for money ſolde:
Death will not let hym ſtaie,

In

In yearth: then needes to hell belowe,
Pope P. must take his waie.

Fratres EXTRA MVNDVM.

These Omnia Munda doe defile,
with finger, taile, and tong:
In Mundo merito thei saie,
thei dwell not men among.

H. STEPHANVS.

Of Auctus, a swilbole.

ALone to taste, vp Auctus quaft
a bole with wine full fraught:
Ne was he yet content with this,
but askt an other draught.
The goblet was not washt, he saied,
and bad them fill againe:
Which doen, he drinkes a freshe, and letts
no drop behinde remaine.
Now that so muche he doeth require,
alone to taste and trie:
How muche trowe you will he desire,
attacht with thirst and drie?

Of the booke which Vincentius Obsopœus wrote of the feat of drinkyng.

WHy doest the Germans teache that arte,
in which thei skilfull bee?

Why

Why are so many Doctors, tell,
made schollers vnto thee?
Gul, bib, and bole, carouse, and quaffe,
eche can in Germany:
Thou shouldst haue taught thē (rather then)
the waie how to be drie.

Of Aulus.

WHat Aulus doeth I doe not aske:
but whether of these twoo:
Or drinke, or slepe, for nothyng els
doeth Aulus vse to doe.

Of Marcus.

TO slepe his furfet vile awaie,
Marke slepes out lightly halfe the daie.
Some men (the cause that did not knowe)
Did aske hym why he sleped so.
Quoth he, why doeth not Dauid saie?
Tis vanitie to rise ere daie.

To Ancus.

THou drunken faindst thy self of late:
thou three daies after slept:
How wilt thou slepe (with drinke in deede)
when thou art throughly pept?

To a certaine drunkarde.

WHo termde thee drunkard, termde thee ill:
More drunke art thou, then drūkard still.

Of

Of Aulus.

LOoke when moſte ſober Aulus is,
moſte drunke is Aulus he.
Againe vnleſſe that he be drunke,
he ſober can not be.
For ſober ſtill he braules and braies,
he teares, and on he takes:
And like a bedlem beaſt, bothe ſande
and ſea together ſhakes.
But when that he hath quaffte his fill,
no coile at all he keepes:
But caſts hymſelf vpon his couche,
and (ſnoryng) ſoundly ſleepes.

An Epitaphe, of a notorious drunkard.

THe coarps clapt faſt in clottered claie,
that here engraude doeth lye:
On death-bedde ſware, in all his life
that he but once was drie.
And (ſurely) thou mayſt credite hym
for that whiche he did ſaie:
For all the while his life did laſt,
he thirſtie was alwaie.

To Pontifer.

A Spryngall thou (in prime of yeres)
a beldame old doeſt wedde:

A toothleſſe, tough, old Mumphima,
with quyuerynge palſey ſpedde.
Thou thoughtſt thy pelfe and poked pence,
by this deuice to ſpare:
Thou thoughtſt a maide would eate to much
and make thy bouget bare.
Thou art deceiude: by this deuiſe
naught ſhalt thou ſaue: I thinke
Yong maides thei will not eate ſo muche,
as aged trotts will drinke.

Of a Iade moſt vile and peſtilent.

HArde yron ſpurres no more eſtemes,
this dull and blockiſhe Iade:
Then ſpurres of woole, or ſilken ſpurres,
as ſofte as can be made.

Againe.

THis Iade doeth ſeme no more to feele,
the prickyng of a ſpurre:
Then doeth a ſtone, or member dedde,
the whiche maie nothyng ſturre.

Againe.

THe ſpurre that cuttes and gores the guts
no more doeth he regard:
Then ſturdie ſtith, where beates the Smith,
the batteryng hammer harde.

Againe.

By ſtickyng ſpurre doeſt ſeke to ſturre
thy ſteede that will not ſtere:
Thou goeſt about to tell a tale,
to hym that can not heare.

Againe.

Spare ſpare to ſpurre it nought auailes:
Spurres ſerue for other hoyſe:
Kicke, pricke, ſpurne, ſpur: pinche, pũch and
thou ſhalt not ſtirre a coyſe. (panche

Againe.

This blockiſhe beaſte, as ſoue as he
of any man is ſpide:
Straitwaies he saieth, behold an Aſſe,
truſt vp in hoyſes hide.

Againe.

So ſlowly goes this mopiſhe Jade,
(whereon you vſe to ride)
As hard and ſkant of Linx hym ſelf,
his mouyng maie be ſpide.

Againe.

If ſluggiſhe ſloth had euer ſonne or child:
This ſame is he, vnleſſe I be beguild.

Againe.

Euen looke how muche the Harte excelles
the Aſſe to runne a race:

So

So muche this house of euery house
beside is paste in pace.

Againe.

HE semes as he were still a slepe:
it maie be so he slepes
As doeth the Hare, who slepyng still,
his eyes hyde open kepes.

Againe.

CUt out this cursed Cabals cods
betyme, if you doe well:
What will his offspryng be, but euen
a very plague of hell.

Againe.

WHat shall we do with this same beast?
how shall we vse hym, tell?
Hym serue as Flaccus asse was serud,
and so you serue hym well.

OVT OF THE POEMES OF M. GVALTER HADDON.

The way to liue well.

IF thou wilt leade a godly life,
and not from vertue swerue:
Be wary wise, and alwaies these
sixe thinges in minde obserue.

1 Remember first the Lorde thy God,
whiche thee of nought did make:
2 Next mind thou Sathan serpent slye,
that seekes thy soule to take.
3 Next mind the shortnes of this life,
that fadeth like a flower:
4 Next mynd thy graue, continually
which gapes thee to deuour.
5 Next mind thou gladsome Joyes of heauen:
6 next lastyng plagues of hell:
And so an ende: minde these, and thou
canst neuer liue but well.

Precepts of wedlocke.

The husbands requests.

MY wife, if thou regard mine ease:
Praye to the Lord: hym praise & please.
Displease not mee (for any thyng)
Care how thy children vp to bring:
Let still thyne house be neat and fine:
Alwaies prouide for children thine:
Be merry, but with modestie,
Lest some men blame thine honestie:
Let manners thine be pleasant still:
With lackes yet doe not play the gyll.
Go in thy garments soberly,
Let no spot be thereon to spie.
Be merry when that I am merry:

When

When I lowze, ſing not thou Hey derry.
The man that lyked is of mee,
Let hym likewiſe be likt of thee.
That which I ſay in company,
See thou refell not openly.
If ought I ſpeake that likes not thee,
Thereof in ſecret moniſh mee.
What ſo in ſecret I thee tell
Reueale not, but conceale it well. (warme
Thinke not ſtraunge Wiues doe make mee
When I thee hurt, ſhew mee thy harme.
Confeſſe when ſo thou doſt offend:
Chide not to bedward when we wend.
Sleep ſlightly: riſe betyme, and pzaye:
When thou art dzeſt, to woozk away.
Beleue not all thing that is ſaide:
Speake little (as beſeemes a mayde)
In pzeſence mine diſpute thou not:
Reply not: chat muſt be forgot.
The honeſt do aſſociate ſtill:
Loth liuyng with the lewd and ill.
Let lewdnes none thy life affoozd:
Be alwaies true of tongue and woozd:
Let ſhamefaſtnes thy miſtres bee:
Do theſe, and wife come cull with mee.

The wiues aunſwere.

HUſband, if thou wilt pure appeare,
(Euen as thy ſelf) then holde mee dear.

So shalt thou please Ichoue deuine,
So shalt thou make mee norrishe mine.
See that our house wherein we dwell
Be hansome, holsome, walled well.
And let vs haue what vse requires:
Make seruantes sweat at woorke, not fires.
See that thy speech be mild and meeke.
Of froward frumps be still to seeke.
If thou wilt haue mee do for thee,
Then see thou likewise do for mee.
If thou on thy frends do bestowe,
Be liberall to my frends also.
For seruants thine keepe tauntyngs tart,
Admonishe gently mee aparte.
And when in sport some tyme I spend,
Do thou not sharply reprehend.
And when I ioy with thee to iest,
In angrie moode, do not molest.
Tis not enuffe, that I loue thee:
But sometime thou must make of mee.
If I shall not of thee be ielowes,
See thou cleaue not to many fellowes.
Though thou hast toyled out the daye
At night be merry yet alwaye.
Vse neuer muche abroad to rome:
But still keepe close with mee at home.
Thou saidst muche, when thou wast an woer,
Now (we are coupled) be a doer.

Penelo-

Penelope if I shalbe,
Then be Vlisses vnto me.

Desire not to obtaine, that whiche thou canst not gaine.

HE that will chooſe a wretch to be,
A very wretche indeed is he:
Then he that goods desires to gaine
Which by no meanes he may obtaine
A very wretch indeede is he:
For he doth chooſe a wretche to be.

BY VERTVE NOT VIGOVR.

WInne euen the wayward Vertue will,
and Vertue maketh willyng still.
Force furious fomyng fighteth fearce:
But Vertue doth with reson pearce.
In body Force his seate doth finde,
Vertue triumpheth still in minde.
Force maketh men like beasts to be,
But Vertue maketh men we see.
Wherefore rude boysterous Force fare well,
For Vertue braue shall beare the bell.
Let Force to Vertue bow and bend:
Or Mistres on the Mayde attende.

How euery age is enclined.

THe Babe (deuoyde of wit and sence)
In Cradle still doth crie:

The Lad by lightnes lewd doth loose
his tyme, and runnes awrye.
From 12. to 21. Youth
runnes rashly on his race:
The Lustie Youth to lawles luste
and riot runnes apace.
The Man still hunts for honours hie:
the Senior serious seekes
For wealth and coyne: glad when into
his pragged purse he peekes.

A noble dame: *I hide her name.*

FOr visage thou art Venus right:
Pallas for flowing braine:
To finger fine the Harp or Lute
Apollo thou dost staine.
Mercurius rules thy filed speache,
thy manners Cynthia chast:
O gallant goddesse: Iuno meet
with Ioue for to be plast.

Of the Queenes Picture.

O Pitty great alas to see,
that Vertue shinyng so
With Bewtie braue, must forced be
at last away to go.

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, sometyme Archbishop of Canterbury.

Well

WEll learned, and well liued too,
good Cranmer wast thou sure:
Faire lucky times and lowryng both,
God made thee to endure.

Of his owne picture.

(FOole as thou art) what dost thou mean,
thy fadyng forme to drawe?
A newe face, or els no face, thou
shalt haue to morrow, daw.

Of the picture of the most excellent Dame A. H.

FOr prudencie, a precious pearle:
for face, a famous dame:
In fine this peece in euery pointe,
deserueth laude and fame.

To his Bed.

MY bed, the rest of all my cares,
the ende of toilyng paine:
Whiche bryngest ease and sollace sweete,
while darknesse doeth remaine.
My bedde, yelde to me slumber swete,
and triflyng dreames repell:
Cause carkyng care from sobbyng breast
to part, where it doeth dwell.
All mockeries of this wretched worlde,
put cleane from out my mynde:
Doe these my bedde: and then by thee,

muche comfort shall I finde.

An Aunswere.

THat I maie be a rest of cares,
an ende of toylyng paine:
See stomacke thyne be not surchargde,
when slepe thou wouldest gaine.
If sugred slepe (deuoide of dreames)
thou likest to enioye:
Then liue with little: and beware,
no cares thy hedde anoye.
And lastly deme thy fethered bedde,
alwaies thy graspyng graue:
So rest by me thou shalt obtaine,
and eke muche comfort haue.

An Epitapthe vpon the death of Sir
IHON CHEKE.

THe maister of good maners milde,
the glisteryng lampe of skill:
Dame Natures golden worke house rare,
now death hath rid from ill.
Ah noble sir Ihon Cheke is dedde,
whiche stedfast still did stande
Not one to many, but to all:
the lanterne of this lande.
The gem of this our Englishe soile:
fell death that riddeth all
So riche a iewell neuer tooke,
nor take hereafter shall.

IHON

IHON PARKHVRST,
late Biſhop of NORWICH.

To the Reader.

WHē reader thon doeſt read this booke,
With frownyng forhed doe not looke:
For Cato *curſte, nor* Curius,
Nor frownyng ſowre Heraclitus,
Theſe are not made: but if thei lende
Their eyes to ſee what here is pende:
Suche toyes thei ſhall bee ſure to finde
As will refreſhe the meſtfull minde.

To Torpetus.

THy wife Torpetus bryngs thee naught:
Thou muſeſt what ſhould let:
Muſe not: how cā ſhe bring thee aught
When thou canſt naught beget.

An Epitaph vpon the death of a Couetous Miſer.

A Nyearthly wight in yearth,
I ſtudied yearthly thyngs:
Euen like a Woldiwarpe,
to yearth whiche alwaies clings.
Now yearthly bodie myne,

in

in yearth with wormes doeth bide:
But synfull soule (alas)
to Limbo doune doeth slide.
Waifarer hence departe,
take heede, be warnde by me:
Remember heauenly thyngs,
caste yearthly thyngs from thee.

Of Robin Bartlet fallyng into the handes of Theues.

BArtlet a pleasaunt sconse, whose mirthe
all men did muche delight:
Ridyng towards London on a tyme,
amongest Theues did light.
When thei had robde hym of his coine,
quoth one (among the reste)
My maisters let vs cutte his throte,
for feare we be expreste.
Then Bartlet aunswered pleasauntly,
(naie doe not serue me so)
My maisters if you cutte my throte,
how shall my drinke doune go.
At this the Theues gan laugh apace,
and from hym went their waie:
So sillie Bartlet saude his life,
although his purse did paie.

Against Battus, an euell Singer.

While

While Battus synges, he would be thought
such one as well could doe:
So would the birde that Cucko cries:
so would the Nightcrowe to.

To Ihon Foxe.

SIthyhat thy life is spotlesse pure,
deuoide of fraude and blame:
I maruell why of craftie Foxe,
my Foxe thou hadst the name.

Of an old trot Persephone, and
Pyllio a yongster.

PErsephone a beldame, hath
an house wherein to dwell:
Yong Pyllio needs must marrie her,
he saies he loues her well.
Now Pyllio she doeth like of life,
and he doeth set greate stoze
By her faire house: what weds he her?
no sure: her house therefoze.

To Marcellinus.

SOmetyme thou wilt haue wealthe
to vse: and sometyme not.
Sure either thou art to muche wise,
oz els to muche a sot.

Against Bossus, a Priest.

We

WE must not touche a woman, we,
thus Bossus still doeth saie:
We must continually (saieth he)
serue God bothe night and daie.
But Bossus by his leaue doeth lye:
thei touche and touche againe;
Or els somany baldpate prests,
could neuer sires remaine.

Of Lupercus.

A Fruitfull wenche God sende me, saied
Lupercus when I wedde:
I hate (saied he) these barren dames,
that neuer will be spedde.
He married Frances at the last,
and so he had his praier:
The next daie after thei were linkt,
she brought hym forthe a paire.

Of Molzus that caste his
wife into the Sea.

WHat tyme a troublous tempest rose,
and tost the tumblyng Seas:
Eche one threwe in his heuiest stuffe,
the loaded barke to ease.
But Molzus (one emong the rest)
caste in his wife, and saied,
Naught heauier then a skoldyng wife,
I deme there can be waied.

Of

Of Lollus and Cæciliana, man and wife.

SEldome doth Lollus dyne at home,
and not against his will:
And that he seld may dine at home,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Seldome doth Lollus sup at home,
and not against his will:
And that he seld may sup at home,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Seldome doth Lollus sleepe at home,
and not against his will:
And that he seld may sleepe at home,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Seldome speakes Lollus with his wife,
and not against his will:
And that he may but seldome speake,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Seldome doth Lollus kisse his wife,
and not against his will:
And that he may but seld her kisse,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Seldome lyes Lollus with his wife,
and not against his will:
And that he may seld lye with her,
Cæcilian wisheth still.
Lollus doth loue anothers wife,
and not against his will:

And for to haue another man
Cæcilian wisheth still.
O what a passyng concord is,
betwene this man and wife:
What so the one of them doth loue,
the other likes of life.

To Sixtus.

A Fair wife thou hast married, this
doth please thee Sixtus well:
A shrew thou married hast, doth this
well please the Sixtus, tell?

Of a certain Duke, and Robin Bartlet.

A Certen Duke with Bartlet chafte,
said, leaue you knaue to scoffe
And mend your manners, or I sweare,
thy head shalbe cut of.
Quoth Bartlet, God forbid, that were
to me vnhappie hap:
If that my head were gone (quoth he)
where should I set my cap.
At this the Duke gan laugh a pace,
and set his hart at rest:
Thus all the broile and anger great,
was turned to a Jest.

To Alexander Nowell.

GReat Alexander all the world
did in subiection bringe:

Rules

Rude barbarous people thou dost tame:
thou dost a greater thing.

To Candidus.

PDoze Proclus Martha tooke to wife,
of lofty Linnage hie:
She was not Candidus his wife,
but mistres his perdie.

Of certaine faire maydens plaiyng
with Snowe.

YOu virgins fairer then the Snowe
wherwith you spoyt and play:
The Snowe is white, and you are bright,
now marke what I shall say.
The Snowe betwene your fingers fades
and melteth quight away:
So glisteryng gleames of bewties blaze
in time shall sone decay.

To Hallus.

HAllus thine aking tooth makes thee
that thou canst rest no night:
With good tongue (Hallus) licke thy tooth
and paine will vanishe quight.

In quendam.

THou likst ill men, ill men thee laude:
so Mules of mules are scrapt and clawd.

To a certayne Draper.

MEn many Draper deeme,
thou doſt abound with ſtooze:
Thy Noſe is pzecious, full of pearles,
Draper, canſt thou bee pooze?

Againſt Boſſus.

ALL Pzeiſts muſt gelded be,
thus ſaiſt thou Boſſus ſtill:
They muſt be gelded ſure thou ſaiſt,
the ſcriptnre ſo doth will.
If Boſſus thou hadſt gealt thy ſelfe,
and ſtones of thine cut out:
So many baſterd bzats of thine,
had not bene bozne about.

Of Attus.

IF Attus face thou doe beholde,
a good man he will ſeeme:
But if thou doe beholde the reſt,
ill then thou wilt him deeme.

To papiſticall Prelats.

WHy doubt you dottrell pzieſts as yet,
chaſte honeſt wiues to wedde?
Wedlocke is good, and pleaſeth God,
adulterie muſt be fledde.

Of the Lady Iane Gray.

Doeſt

DOest muse with skill of Grecian tongue, how Ladie Iane was fraight: As sone as euer she wan borne, she was a Grecian straite.

Graia beyng her surname in Laten, signifieth a Grecian.

Against Colte, a coltish Preist.

SIth Colt thou plaiest the Colt, to kisse, before the face of men: When no man sees thee Colt (I muse) the Colt how plaiest thou then?

Of Holus a Souldier beyng lame.

OF Holus I did aske, wherefore, limpyng to warre he went: Tushe aunswerde he, though lims be lame, my mynde to fight is bent,

To Ihon Gibbon.

DIssolue this darke Ænigme, my Gibbon if you can: You shalbe reckned Oedipus, a cunnyng skilfull man. This is my riddle darke: no Woulues in Englande are, Yet Englande harboures store of Woulues: how can this be declare?

Against Alanus.

THou louest Doggs, Doggs doest thou feede:

But thou doest hate
thy wife in deede.
Thou chidest her,
her doest thou beate:
Her thou doest spurne,
her thou doest threate:
And still with her
thou art at strife:
Better to be
thy Dog then wife.

Of Diogenes.

QUoth one vnto Diogenes,
what shall I giue to thee
And let me giue thy hedde a boxe:
an helmet aunswered he.

Against Fridolinus.

A Chast life best besemes a priest,
thou Fridolin doest saie:
But whence hast thou thy ladds and girls,
now Fridolin bewraie?

Of ROBIN BARTLET, fainyng hymself deafe to get lodgyng, beyng on a tyme benighted.

WHen doune Dan Phebus gan to ducke,
and shroude hym in the West:
When darksome night approched fast,

and

and all did silent rest.
When Æolus kyng with puffed chekes,
gan blowe and bluster fearce:
When dashyng showers doune dingyng fast
bothe man and beast did pearce.
When fire flakes, and lightnyng leames,
gan flashe from out the skies:
When stiffe, strõg, struglyng, sturdie stoyms,
began foy to arise.
All in this hurly burly greate,
it chaunced so perdie:
That merrie Bartlet was abroade,
deuoyde of companie.
In ridyng he had lost his waie,
in greate distresse was he:
For postyng here and there, he could
no toune noy village se.
But he that lookes at last shall finde,
so he by Foytune sawe
At laste a simple cottage pooze,
all homely thatcht with Strawe.
His hands he heaues to heauen on high,
and thankes with harte and voyce
His God that gaue hym this good hap,
and greatly did reioyce.
He commeth to this cabbin course,
and knocketh at the dooze:
And straite with humble sute and mone,

for helpe he doeth implore.
If any wife dwell here (quoth he)
that honestie doeth loue:
Let this my piteous percyng plaint,
her mynde to mercie moue.
Then loe the goodwife of the house,
(whose name did Florence hight)
Came to the doore, and spake vnto
poore Barrlet wofull wight.
Awaie quoth she, what ere thou be,
be sure thou comst not here:
So late thou wandrest in the night,
thou art a theef I feare.
Be packyng while your bone be whole:
I thanke you Bartlet saied:
(And faind hym self for to be deafe)
I thanke you for your aide.
Waie horse of myne haue roume (quoth he)
here likewise to remaine?
No no quoth she: I thanke you sure,
saied Bartlet here againe,
And went to Stable with his horse:
at last he did her win
(By thankes and gentle wordes) to ope
the doore, and let him in.
All that same night he snortyng slept,
fast by the fier side:
And all his garments sowst with raine,

by

by ſmokyng fier he dyde.
When faire Aurora at the laſt,
began for to appeare:
And bright Apollo with his beames,
began to gliſter cleare.
Dame Florence ſtarteth vp from bed,
and ſone ſhe ſlippeth on
Her petticote: and fetchyng wood,
ſhe maketh fire anone.
She deeming Bartlet faſt a ſleepe,
eke deaf, a fart let flee:
God morrow dame (quoth Bartlet ſtraight)
what ſpeake you vnto mee?
Quoth Florence what? and can you heare?
now ſure I Joy therfore:
I ſee my taile hath made you heare,
whiche could not heare before.

Of Cælia, and her ſonne, now redie to dye.

When Cælia (ſad and ſorrowfull)
her ſonne ſore ſicke did ſee:
Now when his breath began to faile,
with blubberyng teares ſaid ſhe
O my ſweet ſonne, ere life be donne,
ſpeake one ſweet word to mee:
But one ſweet woord, my ſweet ſweet ſonne,
I doe requeſt of thee:

The ſonne now giuyng vp the ghoſt,
as breath away gan paſſe:
Cried, honny, honny, mother mine,
(ſweet hony) ah alas.
And ſoundyng ſo theſe ſugred woords,
he dyed by and by:
And cherefull thus vnto the heauens,
his ſoule ſoard ſwift on hye.

Of Editha, trauelyng in child-bed.

When as a new borne bleſſed babe,
Editha fooſth had brought:
The women ſayd he was as like,
his ſire as might be thought.
What is his crowne balde (bare of heare)
I pray you ſhow, ſaid ſhe:
And thus Editha ſignified,
a Preiſt the ſire to be.

Of a certaine Biſhop, and his
foole Philibert.

A Certen Prelat kept a foole,
to make hym game and ſport:
This foole hight Philibert: his lord
did loue him in ſuche ſort
That he would let hym lye with hym,
in bed whereas he lay:
Not ſide by ſide, but at his feet
this foole did couche alway.

One

One night the Bishop had his trull,
in bed with him to lye:
The foole was waking, and by hap,
fower leggs he felt hym by:
Ho maister (quoth the foole) I feele
fower leggs: whose be they, thyne?
Yea (quoth his master) Philibert
those leggs they all be mine.
Then Philibert straight startyng vp,
vnto the windowe hyes.
And (puttyng out his noddyes nole)
with Stentors voyce he cries
Monstrum horrendum come and see,
all men, both yong and old:
My master that had twoo feet erst
Hath fower now to beholde.

Against Claudia.

A Uirgin thou wilt called be,
a virgin counted cake:
And still in praise of virgins pure,
still Claudia thou dost speake:
But why dost thou praise virgins so?
thy selfe no virgin art:
For thou didst bear a virgin late,
which was no virgins part.

To a certaine frend.

A Kerchef thou dost weare: head ache
doth not torment thee rise:

Nor sicknes: surely thou hast felt,
the Distaffe of thy wife.

Of an egregious drunkard.

A Drunkard greate did fall into
a feruent feuer sore:
Whereby he felt a greater thirst,
then earst he did before.
He sendeth for Phisitions straite:
vnto hym thei doe giue
Bothe for to cure his feuer, and
his thirst awaie to driue.
To whom the pained partie spake:
Phisitions, onely see
That you my feuer cure, my thirst
leaue that to cure for me.

To certaine proude Papi-
sticall persones.

SOme men doe call you holie men:
and some againe doe chuse
To call you Fathers: glad are you
when thei suche titles vse.
But holie I can not you call,
whiche holinesse disdaine:
But fathers I maie call you well,
for thats you get amaine.

To Pope Paulus. 2.

Thou

THou needst not Rome for to request,
of Paul his stones to showe:
He hath begot a daughter late,
he is a man I trowe.

Of Pope Ione the 8. and of the maner of makyng the Pope.

POpe Ione in mannes apparell went,
and faind her self a manne:
And by this straunge disguisyng, she
at last the Popedome wanne.
At last she plaied a piuishe part,
and let her seruaunt ride
In saddle hers: she trauailed,
brought forthe her child, and died.
When as the Carnals (Cardinalls
I would saie if I could)
When thei perceiude this filthy facte,
thei all agreed none should
Be Pope created after that,
vnlesse he had his stones:
Thei would not haue ỹ Popedome staynde,
with any more Pope Ione.
But now adaies at Rome we see,
this custome wareth colde:
What is the cause thei grope not now,
as thei were wont of olde:
The cause is, now thei knowe before,

that

that thei are men in deede:
For now in euery corner ſwarme
their whores, and baſtarde breede.

Of Lucretia whiche was daughter
and wife to Pope Alex. 6.

WHat makeſt thou Lucretia,
with chaſt Lucretias name:
Thou art an other Thais, thou,
an other Lais dame.

Of Nodoſius, a Papiſt.

AT pointed ſeaſons ſtill,
Nodoſius doeth refraine
From eatyng fleſhe: and yet from fleſhe,
no daie he doeth abſtaine.
Doeſt aſke how this maie be:
I will explane the caſe:
Dedde fleſhe miſlikes Nodoſius, but
liue fleſhe he doeth embrace.

Of a certaine yongman, and
a toothleſſe ſire.

A Yongman and an aged ſire.
at Tauerne drinkyng ſate:
At laſt (well whitled bothe with wine)
thei fell at greate debate.
And ſtriude aboute a thyng of nought:
the yongman all in yre

Burſt

Burſt out and ſaied, turde in thy teeth,
old crooked crabbed ſire.
The old man pleaſauntly replide:
turde in his teeth (quoth he)
That hath teeth: I haue none at all,
beholde, and thou ſhalt ſe.
And ſo he ſhewed his naked gummes,
where no teeth did remaine:
And thus the ſtrife and greate debate,
did ceaſſe betwene them twaine.

To a proude princox.

WHy art thou proude? ſtoute poutyng pride
from heauenly ioyes on hie
Doune hedlong tumbled Lucifer,
in Limbo lowe to lie.

To Pigmenius.

THou wealthie haſt bothe houſe and lande,
Eke thou the Lawe doeſt vnderſtande.
By hooke and crooke thou catcheſt ſtill,
In cuſnyng craft thou haſt greate ſkill.
Thy fingers to can filche full faſte,
(For all theſe) yet no coine thou haſte.
How commeth it to paſſe wouldſt knowe?
The ſpeckled bones ofte thou doeſt throwe.

Of Cotilus a Prieſt.

NO maydes loues Cotilus: old wiues
he loues (as all may ſee)

What

What is ỳ cause? maides bring foorth brats,
old wiues still barren be.

Against Huberdine, an old dottrell
and peuish Preacher.

WHo preacheth naught but trifling toyes,
vnto the people still:
A prating preacher may be calde,
deuoyde of wit and skill.

To Ruffina. *He playeth the woer for a frend of his, of person as pretty as a* Pigmey.

DIspise not this thy suter small,
that loues thee as his life:
And thee desires Ruffina faire,
to be his spouse and wife.
In bodies deft of dapper Dicks
great vertue ofte doth dwell:
Perchaunce in bed thou shalt hym proue
a man, I can not tell.

Of the vnsatiable couetousnes of
this worlde.

AGolden great vngodly woꝛld,
this may be counted well:
Each man loues gold: but godlines,
who loues I can not tell.

To Pontiana, a mayd so called.

SNowe helde vnto the fire doeth melt,
and ceasseth Snowe to bee:

So

So Pontiana perishe those,
that burne in loue with thee.

To Claudia.

OF late thine heares were black, but now
thei shine, gold like vnto:
With any Painter fine of late,
tell, haddest thou to doe?

Of Antonina.

IN bosome hers, a dapper Dogge,
still Antonina beares:
She lulles hym, culles hym, louyngly
she luggs hym by the eares.
She would not misse her fistyng curre,
for any thyng: and why?
Forsothe when so she letts a scape,
she cries me, stie curre, stie.

To Ihon Cullier.

LIke dombe dog Hennus neuer barkes,
all preachyng he doeth shunne:
And yet thou saiest his dutie still,
by hym is duely doon.
He drinks, he hunts, he hunteth whores,
he smacks: how saiest thou? tell?
Doeth he his duetie due? doeth he
performe his function well?

Of Glaurus an old dotyng Priest.

Glaurus

GLaurus is crooked, all for age:
he still prepares to dye:
Yet Glaurus hath a prettie wench,
at home with hym to lye.

To Hermannus Mennus.

POore haue I been, and poore I am,
and poore still shall I bee:
And Mennus loe, the cause I will,
declare and shewe to thee.

Martial. *If poore thou be* Æmilian,
thou shalt be poore alwaies:
For none but wealthy wordlyngs are,
enriched now adaies.

Of Clytus.

ON Saterdaie no flesshe,
will Clytus eate perdie:
But for to steale an horse,
on Sunday he will hie.

This Monostichon here followyng, was written vpon the gate of the Monestarie of the *Benedictines*, or blacke Monkes.

HIc intret nullus, nisi pullus sit sibi Cullus.
NO maner wight, shall enter here:
Unlesse blacke hoode on backe he beare.
Barbara vox Cullus: pro qua ponēda Latina est

Et

Et poterit carmen forsitan esse bonum.
Cullus is sure a barbarous woorde,
skant Latine for an whoode:
To Culus Cullus therefore chaunge,
so maie the verse be goode.
Hic intret nullus, nisi pullus sit sibi Culus.
No maner wight shall enter here:
Unlesse he blacke be, you wot where.

Of the aunswere of a foole to a certaine Duke.

VNto the pallace of the Poope,
there came a Duke of late:
The Popes foole chaunst to mete the Duke
before the pallace gate:
Where is thy master quoth the Duke:
not farre the foole gan saie:
For but euen verie now his grace,
was with his whore at plaie.

Of Rob. Bartlet, and of one that had a foule byg nose, and a precious (as they terme it.)

BY fortune merry Bartlet saw
a man with monstrous Nose:
Beset with Rubies riche: his minde
thus Bartlet gan disclose.
Goodfellow, frend, (quoth Bartlet) where
wast thou with goldsmith clell?

The other musing stayd, and knew
not what to aunswere well.
I aske (quoth Bartlet) for because,
he cosened thee I see:
He for a golden nose hath giuen
a copper nose to thee.

The Louer.

WHo more a wretch then he
whom loue tormenteth sore?
With scorching heate of Cupids coales
he burneth euermore.

Of Loue.

LOue is for to be liked, if
both loue (so as they ought)
But where one loues, the other lockes,
there loue is vile and nought.

To Hordenus.

IMarrige mind: thou mockest mee
as muche as may be thought.
If whores I both should hunt and haunt
what wouldst thou then say? nought.

Of Alphus.

NO egge on friday Alphe will eate,
but drunken he will be
On friday still: O what a pure
religious man is he.

Of

Of him that is in debt.

WHo owes much money, still
he shunns all company:
And is like to an owle
That in the night doth flye.

To Ponticus.

DOst aske why (Ponticus) I call
thee not to supper mine.
The cause is this: thou call'st mee not
hog Ponticus to thyne.

To Minsiger.

AS poore as Irus once thou wast,
but now thou dost abound
With wealth and store: by marriage thyne,
great plenty hast thou found.
But now thy wife is dead, thy coyne
thou lashest out amayne:
Spare Minsiger lest thou become
as Irus poore againe.

Of Squyre, *an old man sleyghtlike.*

SQuyre seld or neuer Dysters buyes,
Squyre eate no oysters will:
Yet notwithstandyng Squyre spits out
and spawleth oysters still.

Of Cotta.

A Man whose hath Cotta to his wife,
he knowes it, and he sayes:

One Lampe sufficient is to light
ten men and ten alwayes.

N. Noman To B. Bonner.

ALL men a noughty Bishop did thee call:
I say thou wast the best of Bishops all.

To a certaine Papist.

IT ill beseemeth preistes to wed
thus Papist thou dost say:
What well beseemes them (then declare)
with whores to sport and play?

To a wife, whiche set a pot full of flowers
in her windowe.

TO make a fragraut sauour sweet,
in windowe thou dost set
Freshe flowers, and for to make them grow,
thou stinkyng mier dost get:
Wife, cast the mier away, or herbs,
or both I thee desire:
The flowers they doe not smell so well,
as ill doth stinke the mire.

Of a counterfet Diuell.

BLastus a cunnyng Painter, (that
Apelles past in skill:)
Did paint the Diuell in this wise,
in forme and fashion ill.

Monstrous

Monstrous, deformed to beholde,
fierce, blacke, and horrible:
Dauntyng the harts of men with dread,
and feare moste terrible.
His eyes did shine like sparklyng fire,
all brode and blasing bright:
His snout was stretched forth, his taile
was long, and blacke to sight.
His chappes were great, and gaping wide,
all ready to deuoure:
With long doune dangling iagged beard,
he looked grim and sower.
His hornes were like vnto the Mone,
that glisters in the night:
His pawes were like fell Harpeyes pawes,
that scratch and teare out right.
In right hand stones he clincked fast,
in lefte he held a booke:
And eake a payr of beades he had,
whereon to plate and looke.
His outwarde garments all were blacke,
euen suche they were to eye
As mopishe Monkes, and foolish Friers,
did weare most commonly.
A Monke came by (by chaunce) and sawe
the Picture set to showe:
Ho where is Blastus saide the Monke:
is he at home or no:

Ymarry Blastus answered,
what is your will with me?
The Diuelles picture will you buy?
perchaunce I will said he.
But tell mee Blastus said the Monke,
why is he made so fell?
I like hym not in some respectes,
in some yet woondrous well.
Wherefore now breefly Blastus show
(in fewe declare to mee)
Why thou hast made hym in suche sort,
as here I doe hym see?
Then Blastus answered (and said)
if that you doe not knowe
The causes why I made him thus,
the causes I will showe.
Well (quoth the Monke) then tell mee first,
why didst thou make hym blacke?
Quoth Blastus, for because that he,
doth faire conditions lacke.
Quoth Monke, why is his beard vnkemd,
and danglyng downe so lowe?
Quoth Blastus, for because he was,
an Hermit long ago.
Why quoth the Monke hath he a taple?
he moues to Lechery:
Why hath he crooked cruell clawes?
he loues to catche perdie.

Why

Why in his right hand holds he stones?
with stones Christ tempted he:
What booke in lefte hand doth he hold?
Popes holy lawes they be.
Why are suche hornes fixt on his front?
like Moses he in this:
(Yet godly Moses he doth hate,
this sure and certen is.)
Why is he picturde like a Monke?
he monkery did deuise:
Monkes mischeuous he first brought forth,
and noughtie Nonnes likewise.
The Monke no longer now forebeares,
but for a cudgell feeles:
And Blastus to auoide the blowes,
straight takes hym to his heeles.
The pursie Monke pursues him fast,
and takes him by the heare:
And all to thumpes him with his fiste,
his nailes his face doth teare.
Better prouoke the fend hymselfe,
then monke that ragyng raues:
Poore Blastus did not know that Monkes,
were vile and testie knaues.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of KYNG EDVVARD the 6.

WHen EDVVARD prince most excellent,
fell cankered death did kill:

When God did giue him place in heauen,
with Saincts to soiourne still,
Good Kyng Iosias came to hym,
and did him fast embrace:
And said, ah welcome brother mine
to happy heauenly place.

Of Lydia.

SEuen yeares was Lydia linkt, and liude
with hus band hers in deede:
And all the while poore Lydia lackt
and could no children breed.
She of Phisitions counsell askt,
their medcines wrought but dull:
Of Bossus preist she counsell askt,
and straightway she was full.

To Florianus.

THy first wife (still thou saist)
brought thee no childe at all:
But sure (thou saist) thy second wife,
brought thee a prettie squaule.
Indeed, a brat she did thee bring,
yet none she did bring thee:
For it it named thine to be,
and yet thine not to be.

To Hærillus.

NO worke Hærillus doth, and yet
he labours euermore:

How

How labours he? euen of the gowte,
which doth torment hym sore.

Of Hassus.

I Did demaund of Hassus, how
his wife (sore sicke) did fare:
She will come shortly well abroade
(quoth he) I take no care.
Now (sure) who would not Hassus deeme,
a Prophet true to be?
The next day after (on a Beare)
stone dead brought forth was she.

Of Furnus a Cuckold.

MEn say that Furnus iealowes, is
as quick as Linx of sight:
And oftentymes he vseth eyes
of glasse, clere glistering bright.
Now sith that Furnus hath foure eyes,
and well decerneth still:
It makes mee muse and maruaile much
why still hee sees so ill.
His wife is wicked, wanton still:
which he doth neuer see:
Foole Furnus doth not see so well,
but sure as ill sees hee.

Of Pope Innocent. 8.

EYght boyes Pope Nocent did beget,
as many maides in all:

O Rome, most iustly maist thou sure
this Pope a father call.

Of Alexander 6. and his daughter Lucretia.

NO gelding Alexander was:
now dost thou aske mee why?
Lewd Lucrece was his daughter, and
his wife with him to lye.

Against Claudia.

TWo kisses Bossus askt of thee,
when I in presence was:
(He would haue geuen mony to)
of him thou didst not passe.
Thou giuste no kisses openly,
close thou dost kisse amayne:
Of kisses thou to sparing art,
to lauishe eke againe.

To Dauid Whitehed.

VNto mee Willobey doth write,
that Podagra the gowt
Doth paine thee still: but Chiragra
doth payne thee out of dout.
The first remaineth in the feet,
the second in the fiste:
Thou canst not write to mee, but go
well canst thou, if thou list.

To Leopoldus.

I Haue thee promiſde miche, thou ſaiſt:
what now declare to mee?
What I haue promiſd I will giue:
I nothing promiſde thee.

Againſt Gaſpus, whiche with one draught of wine or ale would be made drunke.

GAſpus, if thou wilt not be drunke
then marke what I ſhall ſay:
When as thou drinkeſt, drinke thou of
an empty cup alway.

Againſt Colt a Preiſt.

THoſe that deeme Colt hath nothing done,
they greatly are beguild:
He hath done ſomwhat, he hath plaid
the colt, and got a child.

To the Reader.

IF ſo but ſix good Epigrams,
in all my booke there be:
Then all is not pild paultrie ſtuffe,
whiche reader thou dooſt ſee.
But if ſix good thou do not finde,
refuſe then all the reſt:

And

And let them serue to wipe thy tayle
if so thou thinke it best.

To the Reader.

SUfficient now, nay to to muche
I trifled haue with thee:
Farewell good reader: here an end:
no moze Ile troublous be.

Ludicra per verba res sæpè notatur acerba.

M. ROGER ASCHAM.

The sentence whiche Darius Kyng of Persis commaunded to bee engrauen on his Toumbe.

DARIVS the Kyng, lieth buried here:
Who in riding & shoting had neuer pere.

The graceleſſe grace of the Court.

TO laugh, to lye, to flatter, to face:
Fower waies in Coure to win mẽ grace.
If thou bee thrall to none of theese,
Away good Pekegoose, hence Jhon Cheese.
Marke well my woꝛde & marke their deede,
And thinke this verſe parte of thy Creede.

A verſe of Homer, tranſlated into Engliſhe, by M. Watſon.

ALL trauelers do gladly report great praiſe of Vlyſſes:
For that he knewe many mens maners, and ſaw many cities.

Of the herbe *Moly*, tranſlated out of Homer.

NO moꝛtall man, wᵗh ſweat of bꝛow, oꝛ toile of minde:
But onely God, who can do al, ẏ herbe doeth finde.

Of

Of Newters.

NOw newe, now old, now bothe, now neither: (ther:
To serue the worldes courtse, thei care not w̄ whe-

Master Aschams lamentation for the death of master Ihon Whitney.

MYne owne Ihon Whitney, now farewell,
now Death doth part vs twaine:
No Death, but partyng for a while,
whom life shall ioyne againe.
Therefore my harte cease sighes and sobbes
cease sorrowes seede to sowe:
Whereof no gaine, but greater greef,
and hurtfull care maie growe.
Yet when I thinke vpon suche guiftes,
of grace as God hym lent:
My losse, his gaine, I must awhile,
with ioyfull teares lament.
Yong yeres to yeeld suche fruite in Courte,
where seede of vice is sowne:
Is sometyme redde, in some place seen,
amongst vs seldome knowne.
His life he lead, Christs lore to learne,
with will to woorke the same:
He read to knowe, and knewe to liue,
and liude to praise his name.
So fast to frende, so foe to fewe,

ſo good to euery wight:
I maie well wiſhe, but ſcarſly hope,
againe to haue in ſight.
The greater ioye his life to me,
his death the greater paine:
His life in Chriſt ſo ſurely ſet,
doeth glad my harte againe.
His life ſo good, his death better,
doe mingle mirthe with care:
My ſpirite with ioye, my fleſhe with greef,
ſo deare a frende to ſpare.
Thus God the good, while thei be good,
doeth take: and leaues vs ill:
That we ſhould mende our ſynfull liues,
in life to tarry ſtill.
Thus we well left, be better reft,
in heauen to take his place,
That by like life and death, at laſt,
we maie obtaine like grace.
Myne owne Ihon Whitney againe farewell,
a while thus parte in twaine:
Whom pain doeth part in yearth, in heauen
greate ioye ſhall ioyne againe.

A golden ſentence out of Heſiodus.

THat man in wiſedome paſſeth all,
to knowe the beſte who hath a head:

And

And meetly wise eke counted shall,
Who yeelds hym selfe to wise mennes read:
Who hath no witte, nor none will heare,
Among all fooles the bell maie beare.

A verse of Homer.

WHat follies so euer greate princes make:
The people therefore doe goe to wracke.

An excellent saiyng of Homer.

WHo either in earnest or in sporte,
doeth frame hymself after suche sort,
This thyng to thinke, and that to tell,
my harte abhorreth as gate to hell.

A saiyng of Adrastus, out
of Euripides.

WHat thyng a man in tender age hath moste in vre,
That same to death alwaies to kepe he shalbe sure:
Therefore in age who greately longs good fruite to (mow:
In youth he must hym selfe apply good seede to (sowe.

FINIS.

TRIFLES
BY TIMOTHE KENDAL

deuiſed and written (for the moſte part) at ſundrie tymes in his yong and tender age.

Tamen eſt laudanda voluntas.

CORNELIVS GALLVS.

Diuersos diuersa iuuant, non omnibus annis
omnia conueniunt, res prius apta nocet.
Exultat leuitate puer, grauitate senectus,
inter vtrũque manens stat iuuenile decus.
Hunc tacitum tristemque decet, fit clarior ille
lætitia, & linguæ garrulitate suæ.

THE AVTHOR TO HIS Pamphlets and Trifles.

BOrbon in France beares bell awaie,
for writyng trifles there:
In Englande Parkhurſt prayſed is,
for writyng trifles here.
Now ſith that theſe were learned bothe,
and trifles did indite:
Shall I now ſhame, of youthfull daies,
my triflyng toyes to write?
No ſure I bluſhe not: hence my booke,
let all men read thy verſe:
Graue men graue matters, ſportfull youth
muſt ſportfull toyes rehearſe.
Now reader lende thy liſtnyng eare,
and after ſyngyng Larke:
Content thy ſelf of chattyng Crowe,
ſome homely notes to marke.

T To serue thy God, thy Prince, thy soile,
endeuour all thy life:
I In peace delight: seke still to staie,
the stormes of sturdie strife.
M Make muche of Modestie: be meke:
take heede to clime to hye:
O Offende not one: be true in harte:
all filthy flattery flie.
T Take tyme in tyme: tẽper thy tongue:
from filthy talke refraine:
H Helpe hapless men: & hope for heauen:
by pacience conquer paine:
E Eate so to liue, liue so to die,
die so to liue againe.

K Kepe Counsell close: be fast to frende:
and alwaies knowe thy self:
E Esteme thou lasting heauenly ioyes:
passe not for worldly pelfe. (kept.
N Naught tell, that close thou wouldst haue
greate guile in men doeth lurke:
D Delight not to deceiue by craft,
go plainly still to worke.
A Abandon vice, let vertue guide:
vile sloth eschue and shun.
L Learne stil to knowe, & knowe to liue.
and liue to praise the Some.
L Liue in the Lorde: so shalt thou liue
at last when all is doon.

A Comparison betwene CHRIST and the POPE.

TO rule & raigne in pompous pride,
nought cared Christ at all:
The Pope by wiles and wicked war
subdues both great and small.
A Crowne of thorne with scratching pricks
our Christ did willing weare:
A triple gorgeous crowne of gold
the Pope on hed doth bear.
Christ washt his poore Disciples feet
as sacred Scripture showes:
The Pope must haue the regall kinges
come kisse his spangled toes.
Christ like a painfull Pastor pure,
his flocke did feede and fill:
The Pope in pleasure spends his tyme
and liues in riot still.
Our Sauiour Christ endured paine
and sufferd pinchyng want:
The greate and glorious golden worlde
the Pope sufficeth scant.
With pacience Christ the Crosse did beare
and was content with it:
The Pope on shoulders borne by men
in solemne sort must sit.
All worldly wealth our Sauiour Christ

contemd and set at nought:
The Pope doth burne with loue of golde
as muche as may be thought.
Our Sauiour Christ did tribute pay
(as Scripture mention makes)
The polyng Pope the Clergy plagues
and of them tribute takes:
The Marchaunts from the temple, Christ
expulst and put away:
The Pope receiues them willingly,
and keepes them still for ay.
Our Christ in quiet pleasing peace
did ioy and take delight:
The Pope in blood and battle bragges
and weapons glisteryng bright.
An humble hart, and mildenes meeke
in Christ did still abide:
The furly Pope doth swim in silkes
and swell in powtyng pride.
Our Sauiour Christ had still his hands
all naked, plaine, and bare:
The Pope hath fingers fraught with ringes
and stones, both riche and rare.
Our Sauiour Christ regarded nought
this roystyng rich aray:
The Pope hath maskyng mad attire
of gold and purple gay.
Christ for a Colt an asses sole

his

his two disciples sent:
And on their homly mantels rude
to ride he was content.
The Pope on Courser hoysted hye
through Rome must pricke and iet:
Whose bridle braue and saddle shines
with Pearle and gold befret.
All Ordenances, statutes, lawes,
that Christ did keepe and will:
All enery one both more and lesse
the spightfull Pope doth spill.
Christ to the golden sky ascends
that glitteryng, glorious showes:
The Pope to Pluto plunging packs
where fier with brimstone glowes.

Written in heuines.

LIke as the wounded wight
desires the Surgions hand:
And as the Creeple lame
desireth legges to stand.
And as one farre on seas
for land both longes and lookes:
And as the thirsty hart
desires the water brookes:
Euen so my soule O God,
doth long and looke for thee:
Ay mee (alas) when shall I come
my Sauiour sweet to see?

An old verſe.

Quod ſibi quiſque ſerit: præſentis tempore vitæ:
Hoc ſibi meſſis erit, cum dicitur, ite, venite.

In Engliſhe thus.

What ſo eache mortall man doth ſow:
While he on earth doth bide and ſtay:
Suche he againe ſhall reape and mowe:
When it is ſayd, aproche, away.

Otherwiſe.

What ſo each ſowes while he,
in earth his race doth run:
Such ſhall his harueſt be,
when it is ſaid, go, come.

To an Epicure.

What profits pleaſure thee to day:
if all to morrow faile?
Ah wretched caitife, ah alas,
what doth one day auaile.

A letter written to T. w. gent. when he was ſcoller in Oxford.

PEnelope that pearleſſe peece
of whom you often reed:
Did neuer loue Vlyſſes ſo
as I do you indeed.
For why a thouſand thinges there are

which

whiche you haue doon for mee:
That if I should liue Nestors yeres
could scant requited be.
But yet I trust my chaunce may chaunge
the prouerbe old doth say:
The weake may stand the strong in sted:
a dog may haue a day.
Till tyme that fortune turne her wheell
till thinges do go aright:
Accept my Wilmer will in worth
till welth may debt requite.
On Saterday I will you send
some Lessons for your Lute:
And for your Citterne eke a few:
take leaues till time of fruite.
And thus I end desiring you
to let my letter ly
Lockt vp in coffer close that none
the same but you may spie.
For like as scriblers loth to haue
good Scriueners vew their lynes
So practisers mislike to haue
good Poets read their rimes.
Farewell my frend, and see you send
a letter backe againe:
So shall I thinke I well did spend
my paper, pen, and payne.

Verſes written to his father when he was ſcholler in Æton.

Scripſit admodum puer.

What merrit parents, ſuche
as doe their children ſet
To ſchoole, wherby they may
both welth and wil dome get.
If ſuche deſerue (as ſure they doe)
Perpetuall praiſe and fame:
Then doutles you, O Father deer,
do merrit euen the ſame.

Of Loue.

LOue worketh woonders great,
ſtraunge thinges it bringes to paſſe:
It maketh of a prudent man
a very doltiſh aſſe.

Of Boner, and his brothers.

FOule Boner with his curſed crue,
that loued ſo the Pope:
Did diuers plague and puniſhe, with
the rodde, the racke, and rope.
But (God be thanked) now their force,
doeth faulter, fade, and faile:
Their rods are ſpent, their rackes are rent,
their ropes no more preuaile.

Of Pope Alexander. 6.

His

HIs Chriſte, his keyes, and altars all,
doeth Alexander ſell:
Which he maie doe of right, and why?:
before thei coſte hym well.

To one of a diuers and ſtraunge nature.

SOmetyme a lowryng looke thou haſt,
ſometyme a laughyng face:
Now waſpiſhe, waiward; to doe ought
willyng an other ſpace.
Mournfull now, merrie anon:
now ſurly, ſullen, ſad,
Powtyng: pleaſaunt anone againe,
perte, iollie, iocunde, glad.
Thou bothe art like Democrit, and
Heraclitus beſide:
No man without thee can remaine,
nor with thee well abide.

Of the workes of Poets.

AS in a pleaſaunt groue,
or goodly garden grounde:
Among ſweete ſmellyng flowers,
ſome ſtinkyng weedes are founde.
Like ſo in Poets plottes,
bothe good and bad is ſowen:
Be warie therefore, chooſe the beſt,
and let the worſte alone.

How

How to get the loue, bothe
of God and men.

WHo leaues, who loues, who liues, who lends:
who ſpares, who ſpies, who ſpeakes, who
Shall purchaſe to hymſelf the loue, (ſpends,
of men beneath, and God aboue.

Expoſition.

WHo leaues to lead a lothſome life:
Who loues the Lazor pooze to feede,
Who liues in loue, and hateth ſtrife:
Who lends who lackes, and ſtands in neede.
Who ſpares to ſpende, and wareth wiſe,
Who ſpies the baite, and ſhũnes the hookes
Who ſpeakes the truthe, and hateth lies:
Who ſpends his tyme in ſacred bookes.
Hym God hymſelf in heauen aboue:
And men beneath ſhall like and loue.

A ſimilitude, of Idlenes.

AS water cleare and cleane corrupts,
and ſtinkes by ſtandyng ſtill:
So ſluggiſhe ſlothe doeth ſlaie the ſoule,
and eke the bodie ſpill.

What thyng he feareth moſte.

NO ſtabbyng glaue, nor ſtrikyng knife,
Nor darte dreade I, that reueth life.
No Fencers ſkill, no thruſtyng pricks,

No

No thunderyng threates of desprat Dicks.
No chillyng cold, no scaldyng heate,
No grashyng chaps of monsters greate.
No plague, no deadly vile desease,
No broilyng blaze, no swallowyng seas.
No gaulyng greefes, no cares that crushe,
Of these I recke not of a Rushe.
An ill there is whiche doeth remaine,
That troubles more and putts to paine:
A fawnyng frende moste mischief is,
Whiche seekes to kill yet semes to kisse.

How the xij. signes doe gouerne and rule in mannes bodie.

The Ram is Rex, and rules,
aboue in hedde and face:
The necke and throate the Bull,
possesseth for his place.
In armes and shoulders bothe,
the Twinnes doe raigne and rest:
The Crab is kyng, and keepes
the stomacke, lungs, and breast.
The Lion kyng of beasts,
doeth bide in backe and harte:
The Virgin hath the gutts
and bellie for her parte.
In reines, and lustie loynes,
the Ballaunce beareth swaie:

Among

Among the secret partes,
the Scorpion still doeth staie.
The Archer hath the thighes,
and Capricorne the knees:
The leggs the Watermannes,
the feete the Fishes fees.

Commendation and praise of Vertue.

BY riches none are happie made,
for riches slide awaie:
Though got with sweate and labour greate,
at length yet thei decaie.
Faint faultryng fumblyng feble age
decreaseth sturdie strength:
Healthe sickneſſe quailes: and beautie brawe
doeth flittyng fade at length.
Sweete tricklyng pleasure tarries not,
nor maketh any staie:
But in an howre, a little tyme,
doeth vanishe quight awaie.
But Vertue faire adornes the mynde,
and perfect doeth remaine:
She stedfast bides, and neuer slides,
and naught maie Vertue staine.
No tyme can Vertue faire deface,
she after death endures:
And vs aboue the clustryng cloudes,
a place with God procures.

Vertue

Vertue doeth make vs blessed, and
a happie ende doeth giue:
And when we rotten bones remaine,
yet Vertue makes vs liue.

The couetous carle, compared to a Mule.

THe churlishe chuffe, that hath enough
in Coffer lockt and laied:
And liueth harde, with Baken iwarde,
a Mule maie well be saied.
Mules carrie coine, and iewelles ofte,
plate, golde, and riche arraie,
Greate treasure: yet they droyling drudge,
and feede on homely haie.

To a frende.

LIue as a man, persist in doyng well:
Endeouryng aye, all others to excell.

Christe speaketh.

THe ayre, the yearth, the seas, the woods,
and all shall once awaie:
Alone my worde shall still remaine,
and (standyng stedfast) staie.

To hymself.

WHat likes thy mynde or fansie beste:
what doest thou moste desire:
Doest couet costly buildyngs braue:

or riches doest require?
I force not these: what then wilt haue?
greate store of lande to eare?
Kyngs pleasures? or delightst thou in
fine princely daintie cheare?
If these should like me, I should like,
with toyle and care to be:
For rest and riches make no matche,
thei hardly doe agree.
As Irus I should liue, though I
whole kyngdomes had in holde:
And Cresus though I did enioye,
thy heapes of hourded golde.
Bare, naked, came I hether, and
nakt shall I hence againe:
Why therefore should I care for aught,
or put my selfe to paine?
I n ioye and mirthe Ile spende my tyme,
and naught shall me anoye:
Ile laugh to scorne, the mucke, the moulde,
whiche worldlyngs riche enioye.
What? carest thou for nothyng then?
yes, this of God I craue:
That still I maie a quiet mynde,
and healthfull bodie haue.

To one so giuen to goe braue.
That at last he left hymself like a slaue.

WIth braue outlandishe straunge araie,
you (lusty) long were clad:
And sundrie sutes of sundrie sortes,
for sundrie tymes you had.
Sometime Frēche fashions pleasd you best:
sometyme the Spanishe guise:
In costly colours cuttyng still,
you went with staryng eyes.
But now at last you royste in rags,
rude, rogishe, rent and torne:
What fashion this? or whose? declare
is this beyonde sea worne?

To one that made his bragges that he was noised like vnto kyng Cirus.

THou saiest thou art hauknosed right,
so as kyng Cirus was:
Saie to thou hast kyng Midas eares,
who eare was like an Asse.

Of money and lande.

THis siluer, coine, and money, what?
ruste, though it glad:
Possessions, lande, and liuyng, what?
duste, euen as bad.

Learnyng.

LEarnyng doeth all thyngs farre surpasse,
naught Learnyng maie excell:

What profite comes to man thereby,
ne pen, ne tongue maie tell:
A spurre to youth, that pricketh forthe
faire Vertue to obtaine:
To crooked age a greate delight,
and sollace sweete againe:
A rocke and refuge for the wretche,
and for the needie poore:
And to the riche and wealthie wight,
of substaunce greater store.

Of Tyme.

TYme bringeth lurking thinges to light,
tyme secrets doth bewray:
The priuy pilferyng prigging theefe,
tyme doth in time betraie.

Of Dice.

The cursed play of deuelish Dice,
The daughter vile of auarice:
The plague of loue and amitie:
The very nurse of theuerie:
The exercise of fury fell:
And last the pathway plaine to hell.

Of women, water, and wine.

WIne, wemen, water, each
doth hurte, and put to paine:
Wine, wemen, water, eache
doth helpe, and ease againe.

Of

Of wemens lightnes.

What more then Fethers light,
drie leaues, and withered grasse?
Yet these in lightnes wemen do
surmount and far surpasse.

Again of the same.

What thing is lighter then the flame?
bright lightnyng, what is thought
Then lightning lighter? wind, then wind?
wemen, then wemen? nought.

Of the misery of man.

We weping come into the world:
and weping hence we goe:
And all our life is nothyng else,
but grief, payne, toyle, and wo.

To his vnkle: HENRY KENDALL.

My triflyng toyes you ioye to reade
and what my Muse doth write:
My Muse (deer vnkle) ioyes againe
of you for to indite.
If you mine onely prop do slip,
my Muse remaineth slow:
The siluer Swan doth seldom sing
but *Zephir* milde doth blow.

Of the Poet Lucan.

FOule moody Mars his bluſtryng broyles,
to ſee with cunnyng pend
Who longs, let hym his liſtning eare
to learned Lucan lend.
So well his woꝛkes, do martiall feates
and warlike deedes expꝛeſſe:
As noble Tullies bookes bewꝛay
the fruites of pleaſant peace.
As quiet peace is to be wiſht,
and Tully to be red:
So Lucan he that wꝛites of warre
ought not foꝛ to be fled.

Chriſt.

WHo dyes in Chriſt, doth liue: who liues
in Chriſt, from death is free:
Where Chriſt doth pꝛeſent ſtill appere
there death can neuer be.

Gold, not God, regarded now adayes.

THis age hunts all foꝛ hatefull coyne,
foꝛ pompe and gloꝛy vaine:
Addicted none to God, and Good,
but all to Gold, and Gaine.

Of hymſelf.

THe Bowe that bended ſtandeth ſtill,
his ſtrength will looſe and lack:
The luſty hoꝛſe is lamd, with to
muche burden on his back.

But

But I, let fortune spit her spight,
and spurnyng still disdaine.
Will (God to frend) contented bide
and stedfast still remayne.

Remedies against loue.

LOues rigorous rage, or abstinence
or tamyng time restraines:
If these do misse, for remedie
alone a rope remaines.

To all men.

SHun man, shun (oh) soule slayng sinne,
serue God vnto thy graue:
Foule filthy foolish faulty folke
the finds of hell shall haue.

Of Dearh.

THe regall kyng and crooked clowne
all one, alike, Death driueth downe.

Death spareth no kinde.

NO state in earth we see,
but drayweth to decay:
The Lyon made at last,
to smallest birds a pray.

Who riche, who poore.

RIch who? who cares for naught,
and is with small content.

Poore who ſe coyn caring carles
to pelf and paultry bent.

Labour killes loue.

IF that in toyle and takyng paine,
thy pleaſure thou do put:
The fire doth die, fond fancies flie:
Cupidos combe is cut.

The more a man hath, the more
he deſireth.

AS riches riſe, mans nature is,
to grope and gape for more:
Yen couet moſt, when as their bags,
be cramd and ſtuft with ſtore.

To Ieſus Chriſte.

IF euer me thou loue,
I ioyfull am for aie:
If euer me thou leaue,
my ſoule doeth ſorrowe ſtaie.
If euer me thou loue,
thrise happie then am I:
If euer me thou leaue,
then (out alas) I dye.
If euer me thou loue,
abounde I doe in bliſſe:
If euer me thou leaue,
then all thyng doe I miſſe.

If

If euer thou me loue,
who then as I so glad?
If euer me thou leaue,
then who as I so sad?
If euer me thou loue,
thou euer makst me liue:
If euer me thou leaue,
deathes dart thou dost me giue.
If euer me thou loue,
who liues so glad as I?
If euer me thou leaue,
who dies so bad as I?
If euer me thou loue,
in heauē thou makst me dwell:
If euer me thou leaue,
thou driust me downe to hell.
Wherefore O louyng Lorde,
loue still to make me liue:
So shall I neuer leaue,
thee laude and praise to giue.

Of Pope Iulius. 3.

WEll tipled at the table once
with drinke, when Iulius sate:
(A man whom wicked Rome her self,
did spight, abhorre, and hate.)
As it is saied three boles at once,
for hym were ready made:

That he three burdens might at once,
in vessells three vnlade.
The first of all the vessells three,
he filde with vomit vile:
The next with pisse, the other he,
with ordure did defile.
No man can doe twoo thyngs at once,
the prouerbe old doeth tell:
This was a passyng Pope I trowe,
that could doe three so well.

To Zoilus.

BArke Zoilus till thy beallie breake:
Of railyng thyne I will not reake.

Of an Astrnomer, and
a Plowman.

A Kyng sometyme determined,
an huntyng for to ride:
Of diuers persones did demaunde,
what weather would betide.
A student in Astronomie,
(there standyng by) did tell
It would be faire, so that his grace,
might ride on huntyng well.
A Plowman poore vnto the Prince,
gan thus replie againe:
Beleue hym not sur, bide at home,
for sure I cham twull raine.

The

The kyng did laugh apace at last
all businesse set aside:
The kyng with troup, and all his traine,
doeth forthe on huntyng ride.
Not entred scant the wood, but straite
vppon the trees did dashe
A powryng shower that paied them all,
and well the kyng did washe.
The prince the Plowman praisde: and said
looke thou where Starres do stand
Poore Plowman: and prowd Strologer,
take thou a whip in hand.
The like Astronomers to this
we haue in Englande here:
More fitter for to till, then tell,
except thei wiser were.

To Zoilus.

WHo hath bestowd vppon thy browe,
a garlande haue of Baie?
Suche as can clime Parnassus mount,
those leaues should decke alwaie.
To scoffers Zoilus suche as thou,
and suche as styng with tong:
To stingers suche a stingyng crowne,
of Nettelles doeth belong.

Of Zenabon.

WHile Zenabon vnhappie man,
did Venus pleasures proue:

His members vile were whipt awaie,
by her whom he did loue.

Anacharsis the Philosophers
saying.

LIke as ỳ webs which spiders spin ye see,
By subtile slight doe tangle, take, & tye,
The feble small and seely thifces bee,
And let the bigger breake away, and flie.
Like so the lawes the lower, mean, & poore,
Do plague, and punish sore, & make to pay:
The noble man, or riche enioying store
With small ado quight scotfree scape away.

Otherwise, and shorter.

AS Cobwebs catch the lesser flies,
and let the greater go:
So those of power, and not the poore
the Lawes doe fauour showe.

Precepts written to HENRY
KNEVET gent.

H Hurt not thy fo, help still thy frend:
E Endure like DAMON to the end.
N Neglect not vertue: vice eschew:
R Reward the good with guerdon due.
I In peace delight: foule discorde flie:
E Eate so to liue, liue so to dye.

K Know

K Know thou thy self: soule slaying sinne,
N Nip in the head, ere it begin.
E Endeuour not to clime to hye:
V Vse not the needy to denye.
E Exalt the hiest with praises oft:
T That thou mayst mount the skies aloft.

Preceptes written in his frend RICHARD WOODWARDS praier booke, sometime his companion in OXFORD.

R Refrain from sinne,
I In vertue grow:
C Care for thy frend,
H Hate not thy foe:
A Abandon vice,
R Regard the wise:
D Delight in loue,
E Enuy dispise.

W Wyn wealth against
O Olde age in youth:
O Order thy tongue,
D Declare the trueth.
w Ware pride, twill haue
A Alwaies a fall:
R Remember death,
D Dispatcheth all.

Of

Of fower Beastes and the Spider.

THe Boare in hearing vs doth passe,
the Ape in tast, the Linx in sight:
In smell the Gripe, in stealing quick
the Spider goes beyond vs quight.

Ite, Venite.

GO, ah a griping woord will be,
but Come, a golden glad:
Come shall be sayd toth blessed good,
Go to the curssed bad.

Of the vanity of this world.

WHat profits pompe and glory of
the world so wicked vaine?
Sith after death we crumbling dust
and rotten bones remayne.

To Zoilus.

The Fem, the Floud, the Flame
three mischefes Zoilus be:
But Zoile thy tongue a mischefe worse
then these repeated three.

Of hym that marryes twise.

HIs first wife dead, and laid in graue,
who doth a second seeke:
Unto a momishe mariner,
and shipman he is leeke.

Who

Who hauyng brake his bark and scapt,
with perrill great and paine:
The surgyng swallowyng swellyng seas
assayes and tries againe.

Of a wife.

TO comberſome a clog
a wife is vnto man:
She neuer doth hym good,
nor profites him, but whan
She dyes, and leaues to tread
this toylſome worldly path:
And leueth in her ſted
the golde ſhe hoorded hath.

The ſame and ſhorter.

A Huſband of his wife
hath neuer proffit, ſaue
When ſhe doth leaue her goods behind
and goes her ſelfe to th graue.

Bewtie and Vertue ſeldom coupled.

WHere amerous bewtie braue doth bide
doth vertue ſeld abound:
The canker couchyng commonly
in faireſt roſe is found.

How the Papiſt praies.

THe Papiſt praies with mouth, his minde
on gatheryng woolle doeth goe:

Like

Like to a iabberyng Ape, whiche doeth
naught els but mumpe and mowe.

Who takes the paines,
the profite gaines.

WHo crackes the Nut, the kernell findes,
the taste the sweete that sweate:
The lasie Lurden liues in lacke,
and nothyng hath to eate.

Who poore.

THe wight that liues in want, is not
to be accounted poore:
But he that swimmes in plentie riche,
and yet desireth more.

To one that married a foule
wife for riches.

THy wife is foule, deformed, blacke:
but stonde with coine is she:
Thou marriedst for thy hands to feele,
not for thyne eyes to see.

Of Wine.

WIne makes men sad, and febles force,
wine maketh strong and glad:
If to muche taken be thereof,
if that a meane be had.

Of Phisitions.

Three

THree faces the Phisition hath:
first as an Angell he,
When he is saught: next when he helpes,
a God he semes to be.
And last of all when he hath made,
the sicke deseased well
And askes his guerdon, then he semes
an ougly Fiend of hell.

To an vnskilfull Phisition.

ACHilles w a swoyd did slaie his foes. (wes
Thou killest w a hearbe on ground y gro-
Thee woythier then Achilles I suppose.

Of a Fishe, a Swallowe, and an Hare,
shot through at one shoote.
an vncertayne Author.

AN Hare to shunne the gredie Grewnde,
that did hym ferce pursue:
Lepte in a riuer, thinkyng so,
to bid the Dog adue.
An Archer by beholdyng this,
with Bow there ready bent:
(In hope to hit hym as he swam)
an Arrowe at hym sent.
By hap a Swallowe skirde betwene,
withall vp lept a Roche:
And so the Hare, the birde, the fishe,
his shafte at once did ryoche.

To

To the Rechlesse route.

NO longer linger, leaue delaie:
tyme swifte awaie doeth runne:
Repent betyme, no man knowes when,
the latter daie shall come.

Of Wiuyng.

AMarryng for to marrie, still
thus all men all doe saie:
Thus saie thei still, yet wittyngly,
men marrie euery daie.

Tyme doeth all.

THe huge greate Oke was once a plant,
a whelpe the Lion fell:
And famous learned Cicero,
once learnde his woords to spell.

Be aduised ere thou speake.

THe woorde that once hath past thy lips,
can not be calld agen:
Aduisde be therefore how thou speakst,
to whom, what, where, and when.

To one furious and full
of Pride.

JF Seneca of auncient tyme,
or Terence had thee seen:
Thou wouldst haue Senecs Aiax feirce,
and Terence Thraso been.

To Henry Kneuet gent.

I Knowe not where the Poets faine,
the Muſes foꝛ to bee:
But this I knowe my Kneuet ſure,
they tarrie ſtill with thee.

Idem eſt pauperibus, diuiti-
buſque Deus.

THe beggars, and the biggers birth,
and ende all one foꝛ aye:
As deare to God the ſelie ſwaine,
as he that beareth ſwaie.

To Markes a market of faultes.

MArkes, marke what I ſhall ſaie to thee,
the truthe I tell thee plaine:
If Markes thou marke me any moꝛe,
I ſhall thee marke againe.

To the Pope.

THy harte is on thy halfpenie,
hoꝛſe, harlotts, haukes and hounds:
No recknyng of Religion made,
where vice ſo muche abounds.

To a ſweete mouthed minion.

ECheche curious cate, eche coſtly diſhe,
your daintie tooth muſt taſte:
Ne lickes, ne likes, your lippes the meate,

where pleasure none is plaste.
Fine venzon fatte must be your foode,
Larke, Partridge, Plouer, Quaile:
A likerishe lip, a likerishe lap,
as tongue is, so is taile.

A verse wherein the numerall letters shewe the yere of the Lorde, when the Queene began her raigne ouer this Realme.

THe pope, eke aL hIs paVLtrIe trashe
VVas banIsht qVIght anD CLeen:
VVhen nobLe faIre ELIzabeth
VVas CroVnD fIrst engLIshe qVeen.
Nouembris.17.

A Rime against ROME.

ROme rouetous foz coine doeth call:
She empties coffer, pouche and all.
If thou doe let thy purse alone,
From Pope and patriarkes thence be gone.
But if with pence thou plie them still,
And if their chests with coine thou fill,
Absolue thei will and pardon thee,
How faultie foule so ere thou bee.
Ho, God be here: whose there?
a maide.
What comst thou foz? to craue
your aide.

Hast

Hast coine naie crosselesse cleane:
then kepe thee there:
I haue: how muche: enough:
then come thou nere.

To one named Loue.

I Loue the Loue, my loue:
loue me my loue therefore:
And when I leaue to loue my loue,
then let me liue no more.

To a common Bragger.

THou sturdie calst thy self: but thou
canst better farte, then fight:
Put S awaie, and what thou art,
thou then declarest right.

A prettie similitude.

LIke as the beggar hides his skinne,
where it is faire and white:
And will not open any place,
that whole maie seem to sight.
But contrary his lothsome soares,
he shewes for men to bewe:
His bloudie cloutes, and rotten raggs,
that all might on hym rewe.
So ne should we of our good deedes,
or bragge or boaste at all
Before the Lorde, but shewe our synnes,

and so for mercie call.

Of a certayne Ruffian.

A Smithfield Ruffian in a fray
as feircely he did fight:
Was of the hand that held his sword,
by sworde dispatched quight.
Whiche whipt away (in suche a sorte)
as sone as he did see:
Flingyng his dagger at his fo,
nay then take all sayd he.

Of a certayne Ciuilian.

THou callst thy selfe Ciuilian,
thou art not full so muche:
If Ci. be out, as then remaines
in deede thy name is suche.

Of a Lawyer.

THou saist thou art a Lawyer:
the letters two next L
Put out: and then the rest declares
thy name and nature well.

To one that sayd he was a
Lawyer almost.

THou saist thou art a Lawier
almost: thou dost not iest:
Put letters two next L. away
and then thou art the rest.

Aagaine,

Agayne, of a Lawyer.

THou saist that for Lawier,
then thee none may be better:
Nor none so good (say I) put out
the third and second letter.

Ridyng by the way with a gentleman, and beyng Demaunded by hym, the difference betwene their horses, he thus answered *extempore.*

THe difference dost thou aske
betwene thy horse and myne?
What difference twixt a ioltyng Jade
and Palfray amblyng fine.

Wrytten to a frend, in hys extreme sickneſſe.

MY Titus if thou hast thy health,
then shall I greatly Joy:
As for my selfe, I am in health,
if health be sicke anoye.
I pine (God helpe) in feuer faine:
a wretche of wretches I:
Farewell, vnlesse the highest helpe
my dayes are done, I dye.

An Epitaph vppon the death of M. Ihon Bradford.

NO Scholler ought or muſt,
aboue his maſter be:
Who ſo doth ſeruc, and honour God,
great troubles ſuffers he.
Eache ſonne the Lord doth loue,
he beates and ſcourgeth ay:
Vnpleaſant, hard, and ſtrait the path
to heauen that leades the way.
Theſe ſaiynges, bleſſed Bradford, whyle
thou didſt reuolue in minde:
The thundryng threates of wicked wights,
their cruelties vnkind,
Their flatteries fair, their force, their fraud,
thou nothing didſt ſet by:
But didſt yeld vp with willyng hart
thy Corps m fier to frie.

A prancke of Pope Iulius 3. about a Peacocke.

A Certaine Pope that Iulius hight,
at dinner on a time,
Vppon his table placed had,
a daintie Peacocke fine.
Which though it were a daintie diſhe,
he could not tutche as then:
Wherefore, go take this ſame away,
he ſaid vnto his men,
And keepe it cold till ſupper tyme.

and

and see in Garden fair
I suppe at night, for vnto mee
as then will guests repair.
When Supper tyme approched was,
among his sumptuous meat
And Peacockes whot, his Peacocke cold
he saw not there to eate.
Wherefore he gan to lowre, and powt,
to sweat, to swell, to sweare:
Such thundring threatnings throwing out
that all amazed were.
A Cardnall by beholdyng this,
entreatyng hym gan say:
O holy father be content,
and this your anger stay.
Indeede your waiters worthy are,
for to be chid and shent:
But sith it was against their willes,
let passe and be content.
Then Iulius Pope with fomyng mouth
and flashing firie eyes:
In angry mood, as he were mad,
gan answere in this wise.
If God for apple onely one,
so angrie were quoth he:
That he expeld from Paradice,
our Parents, he, and she.
Why may not I his Vicar here,

be mouid to anger then
For this same bird: better this bird
then apples ten and ten.
Although this Pope with Peacockes flesshe
lovd still to cram his craw:
Yet for a Peacock thus to rage,
he showd hym self a daw.

To a certayne frend.

SOmtimes in London thou dost liue:
somtimes in Cuntrey soyle:
In Cambridge now and then: sometymes
in Courte thou keepst a coile.
Leaue rangyng thus: ceasse thus thy self
still to and fro to tosse:
The restlesse stone, that rowleth still,
doeth seldome gather mosse.

Written vnder the picture of
M. Thomas Becon.

LOe reader here, his portrature,
as liuely as maie bee:
What Painters pen and paine might doe,
(good reader) thou doest see.
The dowments of his mynde deuine,
whiche pen might not displaie
Nor Painter paint, hym self doeth by
his learned woorkes bewraie.

Of

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, ſometyme worthie Archbiſhop of Canterburie.

LEarned thou waſt, and godlie bothe,
while Cranmer thou didſt liue:
A happie and a happleſſe life,
vnto thee God did giue.

Of his owne picture.

MY front well framd the Painter hath,
whiche he behelde with eye:
My harte is knowne, to God alone,
whiche holdes the heauens on hye.

Againe.

MY howe the Painter hath expreſt:
God knowes the ſecrets of my breſt.

Of fower liuyng creatures, that liue by the fower Elementes.

THe beaſt Camilion liues by ayre,
the Herryng doeth deſier
In waues to liue, the Mole in mould,
the Spotted beaſt in fire. Salamãder.

Of Papiſtes.

IF murdryng monſters mount the ſkie:
Then Papiſts thither packe perdie.

A ſaiyng of S. Ciprian.

THei whiche doe loue them ſelues to paint,
with coulers ſtraunge and gaie:
Thei haue to feare that God nill knowe,
them at the latter daie.

An other ſaiyng of S. Cyprian.

THe leude whiche loue to paint their locks
with red and yellowe fine:
Thei doe prognoſticate, but how
their heads in hell ſhall ſhine.

Xij. abuſes in the life of man, colle-
cted out of S. Cyprian.

1 WIthout good woorkes a prudēt wight,
2 A ſire without Religion quight.
3 A youth without obedience:
4 A wealthie wight that giues no pence.
5 A woman that is ſhameleſſe ſtout:
6 A guide that vertue is without.
7 A Chriſtian man contentious:
8 A poore man proude and ſumptuous.
9 A kyng that ruleth not by right:
01 A biſhop negligent and light.
11 Folke without diſcipline and awe:
12 Subiects that liue, and haue no lawe.

A ſaiyng of S. Auſtin.

IS naught on women but to looke,
tis worſe with them to chat:

But

But wemen for to touche, perdie
naught maie be worse then that.

An olde saiyng.

A Hunters breakfast cheefest is,
a Lawiers dinner best:
Mõkes drinkyngs, Marchants suppers fine
surmount and passe the rest.

Of Lacon.

Why Lacon didst thou choose thy wife,
(quoth one) so feate and small?
To choose the lest, I holde it best,
(quoth he) of euells all.

Thinkyng on the latter daie.

If euery man and woman would,
thinke on the latter daie:
Then men would mende, and women would,
the wantons ceasse to plaie.

Please, Praise, and Praie.

Be sure not long the worlde will lasse,
Please, Praise, and Praie therefore:
Praie to the Lorde, hym praise and please,
and care thou for no more.

Fiue thynges white.

Fower thyngs are wondrous white, ỳ fifte
shines more then all the rest:

Snowe,

Snowe, ſiluer, Ceruſe, hoarie heares,
a chaſte vnſpotted breſt.

Three thynges deteſtable.

THree thyngs are deteſtable, vile:
a beggar proude and hye:
An old man leude and lecherous:
a riche man that doeth lye.

Three things not to be lente.

THree thinges a man not lendeth rife:
his horſe, his fighting ſword, his wife.

Three things ſhould not be forgotten.

THree thinges ſhould be remembered,
and printed ſtill in breaſt.
Good turnes receyd, good precepts pure,
and thoſe that are deceaſt.

Of Mark miſerable, that hanged hymſelfe.

MArk miſer yeſterday I hard,
the hanging craft would trie:
And vnder three pence (caitif wretche)
no Halter could he buy.
I buy no Ropes ſo dear (quoth he)
the price amazd the elfe,
For twoo pence halfpeny he agrees
at laſt, and hangs hymſelf.

Of

Of saiyng grace.

WHo sittyng downe doth take his meales,
And thankes not God in gratefull wise:
Goes as a brutishe Oxe to bowd,
And rudely like an Asse doth rise.

The Best are hated of the Bad.

THe ougsum owle loues bird doth hate,
the lothsum Ape doth spite
The Lion king, the tarren Crow
the Swan fair, siluer white.

To the carpyng Corrector.

WIth kitish eyes thou canst decerne,
the scapes of other men:
But when thou shouldst correct thine owne,
as blind as Bubo then.

A staffe.

A Seemely thing in hand I am,
old age vphold I right.
I rule the steppes, I fear the dog,
I ease the wery wight.

The saiyng of BIAS.

BEhold thy selfe in Glasse,
and if so faire thou be:
Then doe thou fair and honest thinges
as best beseemeth thee.
But if deformed, fowle,

and

and lothely thou appeare:
Requite that foule deformitie,
by manners fair and cleer.

To a frende.

When fishes shun the siluer streames:
When darknes yeldes bright Titans bea-
When as the bird that Phœnix hight, (mes.
Shall haue ten thousand mates in sight.
When Ioue in Limbo low shall lye,
And Pluto shall be plast on hye:
Then I will thee forsake my deere,
And not before, as shall appeare.

The torment of Turnecotes.

In readyng once a certaine booke
cald Pasquin in a traunce:
To finde the turnecotes torment there,
by turnyng twas my chaunce.
Suche as will ne hold with the hare,
nor yet run with the hound:
Suche as like wauering whethercocks,
with euery blast turne rounde.
Suche as with nether, hic, nor hæc,
doe loue to be declinde:
But still with hoc, like neuters nought,
that turne with euery winde.
These faines he to be fast with corde,
betwene two pillers bound:

About

About the mids, so that they hang,
and can not tutche the ground.
Uppon their heads a pair of Harts
huge hornes are surely fixt:
Hauyng a saile of linnen cloth
their hidious hornes betwixt.
And at their heeles there hangs a bag,
with coyne and mony stuft:
So turne these turnecotes whirlyng round
with euery little puft.
For as the winde doth rise and blowe,
and strike the strempng sayle:
Their heeles are heavd on hie to heauen,
then eache turnes vp his taile.
And as the wind doth ceasse to blowe,
and quiet doth remaine:
Then doth the ponderous poundstone purse
bring doune their feete againe.
So are these wretches whirld about,
and now their heads on hye:
And straight their heeles are heued vp
vnto the loftie skye.

Translated out of Theocritus.

CVpido Venus dearlyng defte,
to sweete his lipps with mell
Sore longyng, came vnto an Hiue,
where Bees did shroude and dwell.

And

And mindyng now with Honie ſweete,
to fill his bellie full
He thruſts his hande into the Hiue,
and faſt beginnes to cull.
The Bees beſtirre them, by and by,
and pyckt hym with their ſtyngs:
Deft Cupid dolefull doeth depart,
and takes hym to his wings.
He ſtamps, he ſtares, he taketh on:
he knowes not what to doe:
At laſt with tinglyng ſtynged hande,
he comes his mother to.
And thus beginns to make his mone:
ah mother, mother myne:
The Bee moſte vile and peſtilent,
hath kilde Cupido thyne.
Ah, out alas, what ſhall I doe?
I neuer would haue thought
The ſelie ſimple ſhiftleſſe Bee,
could haue ſuche miſchief wrought.
Quoth Venus ſmilyng: what? alas,
and doeth it greeue you ſo?
Content your ſelf, you are but ſmall,
yet how you ſtrike you knowe.

Preceptes written to his Coſen
Paul Tooley.

P Pure toward thy frende perseuer still:
A Auoide all anger that is ill.
V Upon the poore thyne almes bestowe:
L Leaue vice, in vertue loue to growe.

T Talke little, heare muche: tell truth:
O Obeye thy better: bridle youth.
O Obtaine the loue of greate and small:
L Look on the Scriptures, ponder Paul.
E Earne, learne to liue, with life and lim:
Y Yelde praise to God, and praie to hym.

To all tender Youthes and
young schollers.

IF learnyng you neglecte, in age
you will crie, ah alas,
Why did I not to studie sticke,
in childhoode while I was.

A young schollers Poesie.

LEaue plaie, and loue learnyng:
For feare of stripes earnyng.

Verses written at the request of his Cosen
MARY PALMER, in her praier booke
called THE POMANDER
OF PRAIER.

MAke muche of modestie: be alwaies meke:
Abandon vice: for golden vertue seeke.

Regard the good: the ill set nothyng by:
Yn mynde remember still that thou must die.

Please parents thyne: persist in doyng well:
Ay striue to staine the rest: and to excell.
Liue, learne, & loue: & alwaies know thy self:
Muse al ou heauē: passe smal on worldly pelf.
Endeuour at the narrow gate, to enter in:
Rule so thy self immortall fame to win.

To one that called hym Spendall.

THou spendall doest me call: I graunt
muche coine I spende perdie:
But thou doest spende thy self ou whoyes,
thou spendest more then I.

To a Niggard that called hym vnthrift.

THou saiest I spend all, spend all still,
and nothyng vse to purse:
Thou purse st all, and spendest naught:
I ill doe: thou dost worse.

To a certaine frende.

THou spendall doest me call:
thou call st me rendall to:
I spende, rende: nothyng mende thou saiest,
yes sure, I mende my shoo.

The

The nature of the Hernshew.

The Hearnshew though she haũt ẏ̃ brookes,
and riuers eke that runne:
Yet rayne and tempest she abhorres,
and seekes the same to shunne.
By soryng vp and mounting hie:
she shrowdyng still doth rest
A loft in tops of tallest trees,
and there doth make her nest.
She shuns her foe the Goshawke great,
and Hawkes of other kinde:
Her hates and plagues the Hauk again,
when that he can her finde.
When as the Hawk and Hernshew fight,
and striue aloft in skie:
For this one thing, with might of wing,
both striue especially
Who may aboue the other get:
if Hawke haue highest place
With earnest flight he conquers quight,
the Hernshew in short space.
But if the Hernshew highest get,
she squirtyng downe doth cast
Her dirt and dunge, the Hawke vppon,
and spoiles hym so at last.

Fower properties of the dog.

FOwer propertyes praisworthy sure,
are in the dog to note:

He keepes the house, he feares the theefe
by barking with his throte.
He playes well the Phisition,
with lickyng tongue he cures:
Unto his master still he stickes,
and faithfull fast endures.

Of Boner.

OF Bishops al, the best some did thee call:
Indeed thou wast the beast of bishops all.

To a naughty Lawier.

WOuldst haue mee tell what law thou hast?
thou hast as muche as need:
An old said saw, need hath no law.
no moze hast thou indeed.

Translated out of an Italian writer.

LYcoris in her bosome beares,
two Apples faire that shine:
Againe two Strawberries she beares,
in bosom hers deuine.
Her hourly breastes two apples be,
her nipples be two berries:
Her apples shine as white as snowe,
Her nipples red as cherries.
Loue came and suckt her tender brests
and said, now milke farewell:

My

My mothers breſts with milke do ſtrowt,
but theſe with Nectar ſwell.

ÆNIGMATA.

Nix.

MOre white I am then plume of Swan:
Daughter of Winter colde I am.
Leſſe harde then Ice congeald am I:
Yet not leſſe colde then Ice perdie.
Thinner then Mushrome that doeth growe:
To water thin heate makes me goe.
The letter firſt take from my name,
And nine in number thou doeſt frame.
If this wooryde COR thou ad to me:
The blackeſt birde I am to see.

A Cherrie.

A Red ſkin gliſteryng me doeth hide,
I doe with ioyce abounde:
In ſteade of harte I holde a ſtone,
wherein is kernell founde.

Paries.

WIth Lime together linkt am I,
ſtrong made with ſtone am I:
I ſhield from ſhatteryng ſhowers the houſe,
the houſe I fortifie.
Take E awaie, and I ſhall be
of Ida Shepherd then:

The Iudge betwene the goddesses
the wracke of Troye agen,
And eke moste filthie Leacher vile.
if Phou take awaie:
With hornes I pushe: walles doune I rushe:
the heauens I garnishe gaie.

The Snaile.

BOneleſſe and footleſſe quight am I,
and quight deuoide of heare:
I haue no eyes to see withall,
but what my hornes doe heare.
Where so I goe, or where I touche,
I leaue a filthie slime:
Salte frettyng, doeth me sore annoye:
the tallest tower I clime.

A Tennice ball.

WIthout, without here smothe I am,
yet full of heare within:
Rounde like a Boule: though feete I want,
to runne I doe not lin.
Although fine feathers light I lacke,
yet mounte I doe aloft:
And looke when I am striken, then
my strength repaire I ofte.

Vespertilio.

OF Euenyng darke my name I take:
my winges are made of skinne:

As

As other birdes I am not clothde
with feathers light and thinne.
I onely bryng forthe yonge: alone
my duggs with milke doe swell:
All other birdes want teeth, with teeth
but I am fenced well.

The Combe.

A Dounde with teeth on euery side,
I framed am of boxe:
Let baldepate me forbeare to vse:
I parte the kangled locks.

Castanea.

IN forrest faire I growe:
eight letters spells my name:
Take three the laste awaie, and so
thou skant shalt finde a dame.

Of fower birdes, signifying the fo-
wer quarters of the yere.

THe Chaffinch showes whē winter comes,
whiche synges in Winter colde:
When chittering Swallowe doth returne,
then Spryng is come be bolde.
The Cuckoo chauntes in Sommer tyme,
when all thinges glister greene:
The birde that hights Ficedula,
in Autumne still is seen.

To the Reader.

TAke in good parte theſe triflyng toyes,
good Reader whiche I wꝛite:
When as I was a boye with boyes,
theſe toyes I did indite.
Tuſhe, tuſhe, thei fooliſhe are thou ſaieſt:
I graunt, thei are in deede:
But where are thy wiſe wondꝛous woꝛkes,
now where are thei to reede?

To his Coſen IHON KENDALL.

MY Kendall coſen deare and frende,
all thyngs kend of thee bee:
Of thee the Scriptures all are kend.
is not all kend of thee?
He whiche knowes all, & knowes not Chꝛiſt
naught knowes he: this is plaine:
Ken all of Chꝛiſt, whiche is the hieſt,
and count the reſt as vaine.

To his dere brother IHON SHEPPARD gent. of Grayes Inne.

MY bꝛother deere, my hope, my chere,
my truſty Sheppard true:
The ſureſt Sheppard I can finde
among the Sheppards crue.
By name thou art a Sheppard ſure
a Sheppard eak in deed:
A happy Sheppard I thee finde

to

to mee in all my neede.
So long as thou my Sheppard art,
in lacke I can not liue:
To pasture greene, by pleasant brookes,
thou daily dost mee driue.
Thou plaist the part of pastor pure,
thou keepst me in the way:
Thou wilt not let mee wander wilde
in wildernes astray.
Thou wilt not let me set my foote,
in Popishe path to tred:
Thou dost abhorre as Plutos Pit
his mitred monsters hed.
Persist good brother in the race,
thou hast begun to runne:
Serue God so as thou daily dost,
the snares of Sathan shunne.
Fight like a valiant Sheppard stout,
against the Woulfe of hell:
Feede like a Pastor pure the poore,
so as thou hast done well.
So shall the Lord be Sheppard thine,
and pay thee double twice:
And bring thee to the pasture pure,
of princely paradice.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of the right wise and worthy Matron the Lady

ALSE AVENON.

If that a modeſt Matrones miſſe,
ſhould moued be with crꝑes:
Then ſhreek and cry for her alone,
that here engraued lyes.
If for to wayle the want and loſſe,
of ſuche a Matrone rare
It be a fault, for her alone
your crꝑes and ſhreeches ſpare.

An EPITAPHE vppon the death of his deere Mother, ALSE KENDALL. Which died and lieth buried at Northalton.

LO here ſhe lyes, whoſe honeſt life
perpetuall prꝛaiſe deſerud:
Lo here ſhe lyes, whoſe life well led
from vertue neuer ſwerude.
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche liud in loue
ſtill with her linked feer:
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche while ſhe liud
ſtill held her childꝛen deer.
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche loud her frend,
and hated not her fo.
Lo here ſhe lyes, that was beloud
of all ſoꝛtes, hye and low.
Lo here ſhe lyes, that alwaies loud
her neighbour as her ſelfe:
Lo here ſhe lyes, that moꝛe eſteemd

of

of heauen, then worldly pelfe.
Lo here she lyes, whiche hated lies,
and lovd to tell the troth:
Lo here she lyes, whiche gaue the poore,
both mony, meat, and cloth.
For fine, in few wilt haue declarde
of euery man the mind:
Here lyes ALICE KENDALL worthy wife,
the flower of woman kind.
Here lyes her bones, hard crusht with stones
in life lame were her lims:
Now dead, her soule in siluer stremes
of Sollace sweetly swimmes.

¶ An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall: which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northaston in Oxford shire.

HEre lies he dead, with stones oppresst,
whom stones oppresst in life:
Aye me that he was forste to dye,
by dint of deadly knife.
Wo worthe the wretche that ript his flesh:
yet wretche why saie I so?
Sith needs he would suche torments trie,
to ende his paine and woe.
The life he lidve, was sure no life,
but euen a death in life:

And

And therefore pluckyng pangs he proude,
of cutters carnyng knife.
He thought by pluckyng pinchyng pangs,
to ende his pinyng paines:
He thought to rid the ragged stone,
that tide hym so in chaines.
But (out alas) he ridde his life,
(oh grisly grippyng greef)
He was dispatched of his life,
and I of my releef.
Ah farewell father myne moste deare,
in earth we parte with paine:
Northaston wants thee, wailes and wepes,
wishyng for thee againe.
We want and wishe: we waile and weepe:
we mourne (alas) and misse:
Thou ne doest mourne, nor misseſt ought,
now plaste in heauenly blisse.
My losse I doe lament: and yet
I ioye for gaine of thine:
I loste a father, thou hast gainde
perpetuall ioyes deuine.

An Epitaph vpon the death of his deare aunt ELLEN KENDALL: which died, and lyes buried at BLOXAM.

HEre Ellen lies lapt vp in earth:
whiche alwaies liude to dye,

And

And died to liue, to liue againe
in lasting ioyes on hye.
Aye me when (wretche) I first gan liue,
then gan she life to leaue:
I thought to reape greate ioye by her,
but she did me deceaue,
She more esteemde of heauen then earth
and therefore God did giue
Heauen vnto her: she hopte for heauen,
now she in heauen doeth liue.
Ah farewell Aunte, thou gauste me life:
I sukte thy tender breste:
Thou diddest rocke me, when a babe
in cradle I did reste.
And haue I lost thee now so sone?
no force: greate is thy gaine:
In heauen we shall with pleasure meete,
though here we parte with paine.
Still diddst thou liue the Lorde to loue,
and thou didst loue to liue
Still with the Lorde: and now the Lorde
vnto thee life doeth giue.
Lo, LIVE AND LOVE: this lesson learne,
you that in earth remaine:
That when you leaue to liue, you maie
obtaine to liue againe.

THRENODIA.

A sorrowfull Sonet vpon the death of Walter, late Erle of Essex.

The Primrose cheek of princely peeres,
the Starre of Englande bright:
The Prince of perfect pietie,
the Diamonde of delight.
O dogged Death by direfull darte,
from Englande thou hast reste:
Our solace thou hast tane awaie,
and vs in sorrowe lefte.
We lothe to liue, and yet we loue
to liue, alone for this:
That we maie waile this worthies want,
whom we so sore doe mysse.
Ah farewell Erle moste excellent,
for thee doeth Englande weepe:
The Prince, the peeres, the people shrieke,
in Death to see thee sleepe.
Thy corps is clapt in cloddes of clate,
thy soule is soard on hye:
With sainctes abone the clusteryng cloudes
to pearche perpetually.

Post cineres, virtus viuere sola facit.

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MARTIALIS.

Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipſe ſui.